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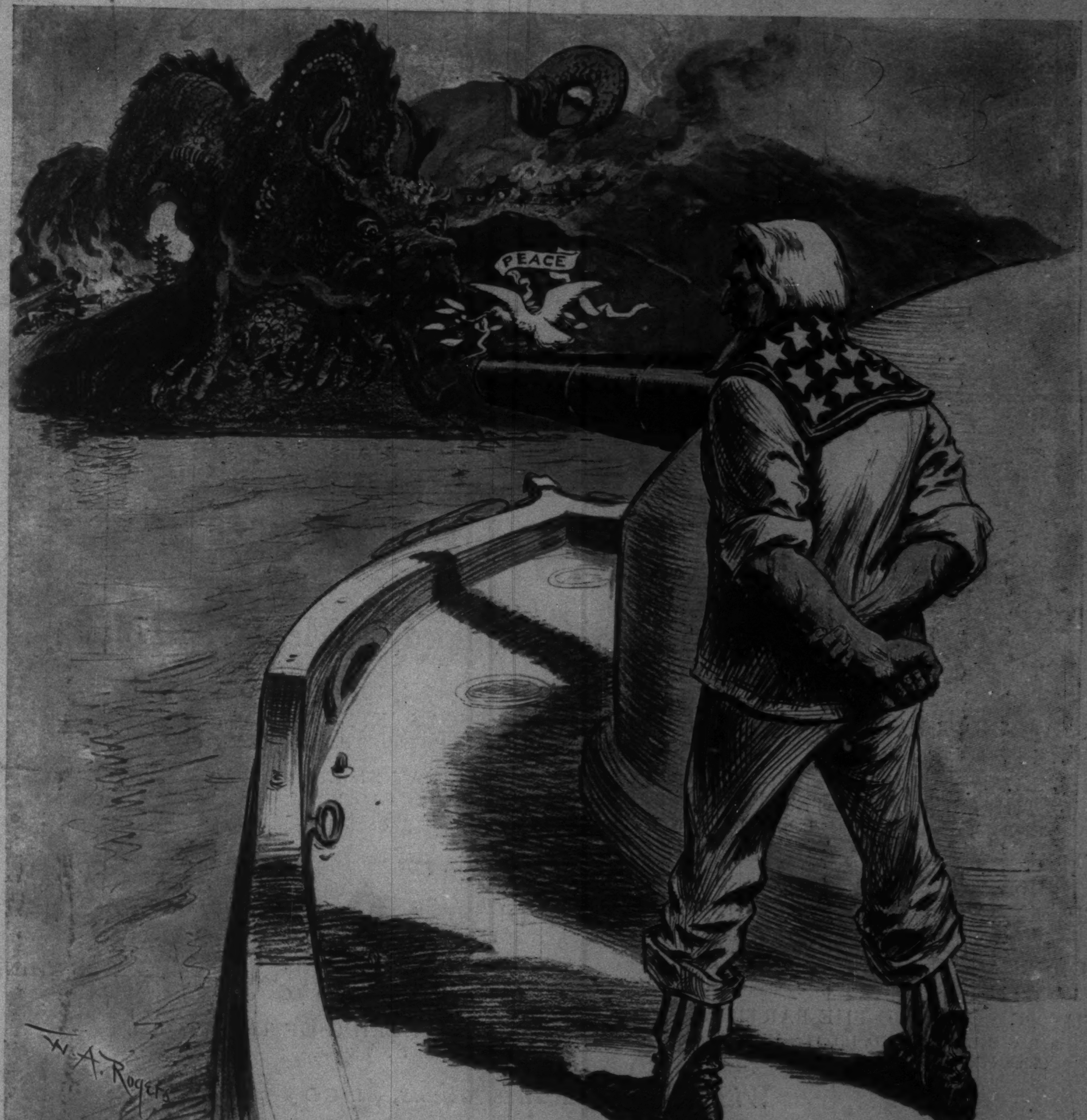
A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK AUGUST 18 : 1900



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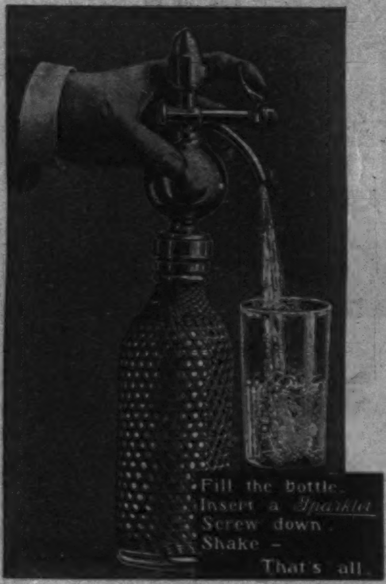

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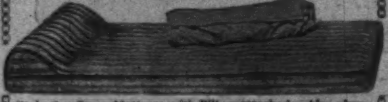

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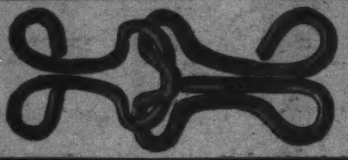

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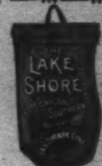

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THE PRISONERS OF PEKING.

On the right is Mrs. Conger, wife of the United States Minister; walking arm in arm are Mrs. H. G. Squiers, wife of the Secretary of the Legation, and Miss Conger, the Minister's daughter. This photograph was taken June 1, 1900, in the Compound of the United States Legation by a naval officer who left Peking for the coast on that date.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 18, 1900

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The Supreme of Anti-Expansion

A GLANCE at the Imperialism of China is not without its edifying qualities, particularly in a day like the present, when the general subject of Imperialism is attracting attention. It is in certain of its aspects so like the kind of "Imperialism" that the Anti-Imperialists would have imposed upon the United States that it would be worth while to examine its results closely.

China, as a nation, has always been, and still is, a close corporation. Its watchword has been exclusiveness. It has had as little to do with the outside world as possible. It has avoided alliances and understandings with political neighbors, entangling or beneficial, with equal consistency. Aloofness has been the chief characteristic of the Chinese attitude toward mankind. The Great Wall by which it is enclosed is the symbol of its national life, of its aims, and of its attitude toward progress. While other peoples have been gradually expanding into larger spheres of activity and of influence, the Chinese have been, from time immemorial, anti-expansionists of the most approved type. Their struggles have been internal struggles. Their wars have been civil wars. Their spreading of their own civilization has been among themselves, and while, as Mrs. SCIDMORE has so happily put it, "China has been an old country for forty centuries," at no time has she been a potent factor in the affairs of the world of progress. The notion of going out into the world, and of carrying the benefits of their civilization to others, never seems to have occurred to the Chinese. There is no great political idea of universal application that has had its origin among China's statesmen. There has been no great moral idea that has found its inception among her philosophers. She has been content to go along in her own narrow path for the thousands of years of her existence, bothering not a particle, until recently, over outside affairs, and troubling herself even now about these because she conceives herself and her political integrity in peril by reason of the designs of Europe upon her. Failing to take in and to assimilate the, to her, new, but none the less rugged and sturdy, ideas of Western civilization, and grafting these to her own good upon her own system, she has lived so long upon her own ideas that these have been worn threadbare. There has been no re-enforcement from the outside, and the advance of the centuries has therefore brought, in the place of a strong and perfectly rounded development of character, a low ebb of physical vitality, and a senility of mind which is the forerunner of death. In the faces and figures of her people this turning of her back upon the vitalizing forces of the outside world is shown in what Mrs. SCIDMORE calls "the frightful likeness of any one individual to all the other three hundred-odd millions of his own people. Everywhere, from end to end of the vast empire," Mrs. SCIDMORE continues, "one finds them cast in the same unvarying physical and mental mould... the same selfish conservatism; blind worship of precedent and antiquity; a monotony, unanimity, and repetition of life, character, and incident that offend one almost to resentment... Everywhere this fifth of the human race is decadent, degenerate, indifferent to a fallen estate, consumed with conceit, selfish, vain, cowardly, and superstitious, without imagination, sentiment, chivalry, or sense of humor, combating with utmost zeal anything that would alter conditions even for the better."

The chaos which rules in China to-day is but the natural outcome of this system of living. It is nature that this continuous inbreeding should result in moral and mental decay, and from the stature of greatness to which China might have achieved, had she manfully taken her place among the nations of the world, and assumed the burdens which always fall to the lot of the strong, it is not surprising that she has become the imbecile which has made possible the developments of the past two months—developments which fairly stagger humanity.

Viewed in the light of the history of China and the Chinese people, it would be well for the thousands of good people who look with disfavor upon the recent advances of the United States as a factor in the development of civilization to pause before advocating a like policy of self-contemplation and aloofness for ourselves; before standing in the pathway of the progressive spirit among us which has ever been one of the sturdiest traits of the American character; before placing in the way of the fulfilment of our national destiny the obstacles of a selfish conservatism and a blind zeal in behalf of antiquated precedents which have little bearing upon present conditions.

If there were any real question of Imperialism before the people of the United States to-day HARPER'S WEEKLY would be found as ardently opposed to it as the most rabid of our amusing Boston friends; but there is no such question. There is no desire in any quarter of this country to-day to foist an imperial form of government, or any of its attributes, upon the American people. Because certain unscrupulous politicians, aided and abetted by well-meaning but timid theorists, raise a false cry of Imperialism, Imperialism does not necessarily become a fact. The real issue is on the question of our national growth: shall we grow or shall we not? of our development to the fulness of our strength: shall we develop, or shall we come to a standstill, and thence begin the process of decay? of the best use of our powers, not for our benefit, but for the benefit of mankind: shall we so use our powers, or shall we wickedly shirk our manifest duty?

We cannot believe that those who would arrest this development and the proper exercise of the strength which has been given to us are sufficient in number to have any material influence upon our growth, but lest they should be, we deem it wise to direct attention to the one great, concrete expression of anti-expansion now in evidence, and presented to a horror-stricken world by the Chinese Empire.

An Advocate of Cowardice

AT a recent Anti-Imperialist meeting at Boston, a gentleman by the name of GAMALIEL BRADFORD, who was introduced to his audience as a "Democrat who is not a coward," is reported to have delivered himself of the opinion that the "Chinese affair is the greatest of all the issues" in the campaign now in progress. Continuing, Mr. BRADFORD is alleged to have said, "If you want to see military conscription, and your wives and children working in the fields, vote for WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

The people of the United States are confronted by one unalterable and terrible fact. The man chosen to represent them at a foreign capital is, in the pursuit of his duty, in deadly peril of his life, and he who, for any reason whatsoever, raises objection to the most strenuous efforts to save this man's life, or places obstacles in the path of the authorities striving to fulfil their promises of protection to our envoy, should be hissed as a coward and a skulker from every company in which he ventures to show his face.

We sincerely hope, for the sake of his audience, which apparently did not accord to Mr. BRADFORD such short shrift, that the speaker has been misreported.

A Word of Advice

ONE of the interesting features of the current campaign which we advise our readers to watch with some care, will be found in the efforts of certain semi-public characters, who have changed parties, to make their utterances of 1900 consistent with their deliverances of four years ago. The political situation of to-day is in all essential particulars precisely the same as it was in 1896. We are threatened by the same disorganizing forces; we are face to face with the same threatening evils; the menace of Bryanism with all that it entails is confronting us as viciously and as formidably now as then. The Kansas City platform is as revolutionary as was the Chicago platform, which was voted by the people of the United States to be a creed too abhorrent to be accepted. It contains a reaffirmation of all the false political and economic ideas which were rejected by the electors in 1896. And upon this platform stands the same advocate and author of the heresies once so deservedly rebuked.

In the face of these pregnant facts, because of the interjection into the campaign of a false cry, a cry of wolf, which in itself has no sincerity of purpose, save that involved in a desire to overthrow an Administration which has served the country honestly and well, a number of public men of high ideals, but of small practicality, have been led into a blind advocacy of the very principles which four years ago they fought tooth and nail to defeat.

When Mr. DAVID B. HILL, and the Hon. CARL SCHURZ, and the eminent Mr. COCKRAN begin to point out to us our manifest duty it will be well for those who listen to or who read their addresses, which are sure to be worth listening to and reading, to revert to the time when Mr. HILL, discussing the attack by the forces of BRYAN on the Supreme Court of the United States, renewed in the Kansas City platform, stated positively that he would not follow any such "revolutionary step as this"; when Mr. COCKRAN, speaking on the same subject, declared that the Bryanite proposal to pack the Supreme Court so that it "will pronounce those laws to be constitutional which the Constitution itself condemns" was iniquitous; when the Hon. CARL SCHURZ asserted that Mr. BRYAN's election would be at the cost of the "most violent and destructive crisis on record, and worse than this, at the price of something that has never been forfeited since this republic was born, for the preservation of which it should shed its last drop of blood—at the price of national honor."

These were strong and courageous words. They are as true to-day as they were in 1896, when they were spoken. Nothing has occurred to make the integrity of the courts and the national honor less a matter of concern to the American people to-day than they were then. We strenuously advise the voters of this country to ponder conditions well, and to insist upon it that the men who in the face of the same conditions have changed about shall prove the paramountcy of the principle involved in the false issue of Imperialism before yielding to their persuasive eloquence in its behalf.

A Felicitous Phrase

WE wish to lay our hearty congratulations at the feet of the Hon. CHARLES ARNETTE TOWNE, until recently candidate of the Populist party for the Vice-Presidency, tail to the ticket of Bryanism, pure, unadulterated and unmasked. At last a Populist has been discovered who is possessed of a sense of humor, and Mr. TOWNE is that blessed individual. If he were not possessed of a sense of humor he could not have declined the honor of accompanying Mr. BRYAN into the depths so felicitously. To refer to his pursuit of the second high office in the gift of the people as a "phantom candidacy" is, under the circumstances, the work of genius, and we trust that Mr. TOWNE's high-minded sacrifice will not go unrewarded at the hands of his party. As matters stand, he honors it far more than it has honored him; but whether or not the distinguished humorist be in the future placed high in the councils of the Bryanites, his act cannot fail to receive its due meed of recognition. When November comes, Mr. TOWNE, at least, will not have to suffer the pangs of defeat.

Meanwhile, the ghostly candidacy of Mr. ADLAI E. STEVENSON pursues the even tenor of its way in spite of the good example of Mr. TOWNE's phantom in fading quietly from sight. Indeed, in marked contrast to Mr. TOWNE's merry jest is the tragic persistence of Mr. STEVENSON, who is reported as saying that he looks upon it "almost as an assured fact that the Democratic party will be successful this fall." It is always a sad spectacle to look upon when a well-meaning and still ambitious old gentleman, dwelling wholly in the past, mistakes his idle dreams of what has been for present realities. It is said that in certain sections of Kentucky the aged mountaineers are still hopeful of the election of HENRY CLAY to the Presidency, and elsewhere at Presidential elections votes are still cast for General JACKSON. Such devotion to the things of a bygone day is full of pathos. How far more pathetic is the devotion of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency fondly dwelling upon his hopes for the success at the polls of a party that no longer exists!

Evidently Mr. STEVENSON has forgotten that he is no longer running on the ticket with GROVER CLEVELAND.

NEW YORK STATE In this YEAR'S ELECTION

TWO facts with respect to this year's election are now practically certain. The first is that if Mr. Bryan should by any chance be elected he would have the power, as he has the purpose, to put into the statute-books a radical free-silver coinage law, repudiating the half of every debt, public and private, reducing every dollar of wages to half a dollar in purchasing power, robbing every man of one-half the value of his savings, taking from every widow and orphan one-half the provision made for their support, authorizing and in practical effect compelling every life-insurance company to redeem in fifty-cent dollars the policies that have been paid for in dollars worth a hundred cents, cutting every fixed income, every salary, every wage-rate, and every contract in two, and working other wrongs that it would require long years of national travail to undo.

For Mr. Bryan's election, with a House of Representatives in sympathy with his purposes, would be his commission from the people to carry out his programme of coinage debasement, and the Senate would offer no trustworthy opposition, as HARPER'S WEEKLY has hitherto conclusively shown by a detailed examination of the facts.

The second thing that is certain concerning this year's election is that Mr. Bryan cannot be made President without New York's consent. We have shown in these columns that even if he retain every electoral vote cast for him in 1896—which is unlikely—and carry in addition every State that can by any stretch of imagination be deemed doubtful, he will still fall short of the requisite number of electoral votes, unless he can add New York's thirty-six to the tale of his gains.

Thus New York becomes a subject of most interesting study. Let us consider a few of the most significant facts and endeavor to see whitherward they point.

The last annual report of the savings-banks in New York State shows that during the last year 415,370 new depositors opened accounts in those institutions, and that the sum total of savings-bank deposits in the State was increased by no less than $15,853,004 during the year. That is to say, nearly half a million men, women, and children in New York State were last year able to put away out of their earnings nearly sixteen millions of dollars as a provision against age, illness, or other occasion of need. Is it conceivable that any of these new savings-bank depositors, or anybody interested in their welfare, will vote to reduce their deposits by one-half in value, thus robbing them of one dollar in every two that they have put away? Yet it is practically certain that Mr. Bryan's election would have that result.

This half-million is only one prosperous year's addition to the list of those thrifty workmen whose hard-earned and more hardly saved deposits constitute the sum of savings-bank moneys in the State. The total number of New York savings-bank depositors exceeds two million persons—to be exact, 2,036,017. The sum of their savings reaches the enormous total of $858,443,277.

A New York newspaper, which for the sake of a seeming "regularity" is insincerely pretending to support Bryan on the "paramount issue" fabrication, wisely and truly says with regard to these figures: "This shows that there are 858,443,277 reasons, every one of them worth a sound dollar, why the vote of New York will not be easily secured for the proposition to pay back 100 cents deposited 'as good as gold,' with fifty cents' worth of silver." Yet that is precisely what the industrious working-men of New York are asked to do when they are asked to cast the decisive vote of their State for a candidate pledged thus to rob them by law, whose election would carry with it full power to work the proposed iniquity. They are asked to consent to this irreparable wrong to themselves, their wives, and their children for the sake of setting up a lot of breech-clouted savages on the other side of the earth in the business of running a republic, based upon the personal privilege of assassination as one of the fundamental rights of man.

Chairman Jones and his lieutenants are not deceived in this matter. They are merely trying to deceive others. They know perfectly that they cannot carry New York on the free-silver issue. They clearly understand that they must keep that issue out of sight and "work a scare" on Imperialism in order to have even a hope of securing this State's deciding vote. At Kansas City they saw this necessity and sought to provide against it. They tried hard to reduce their free-silver declaration to an apparently meaningless "reaffirmation," and when baffled in that attempt by Mr. Bryan's superior honesty and courage, they set their rhetoricians at work to bury the threat of repudiation and robbery under a mountain of resounding words, putting forward the windmill of Imperialism as the "paramount issue of the campaign."

Upon this deception, and upon an appeal to the blind instinct of party fealty, rests their sole hope of tricking the voters of New York into the disastrous blunder of giving the State's consent, and with it the nation's, to a programme which four years ago they so angrily rejected as criminal folly. It is not to be expected that the device will be effective in a State like New York. The great volume of savings-bank deposits already referred to constitutes an important bulwark against the deception; but those savings, vast as they are in amount, are but a small part of the "vested interest" that the masses of New York voters have in honest money, an interest too vitally involving their personal welfare to be put aside in behalf of a whimsical platform pretence. Aside from this matter of savings, New York is the greatest industrial State in the Union. Her workshops employ more men, pay more wages, and support more families in comfort than those of any other commonwealth. The great majority of her six or seven millions of people are wage-earners. Is it to be expected that they will vote to have their wages hereafter paid in half-dollars instead of full dollars? Why should they do that now which in 1896 they refused to do with such tremendous emphasis?

A GAME OF CUT-THROAT.

New York also has more than her proportional share of small investors in building and loan associations. These have lent their savings at interest, and they certainly do not want fifty-cent dollars in repayment of the full-value dollars they have loaned. In like manner New York voters include more than her proportion of the country's sixteen million holders of life-insurance policies. Every dollar of their investment in that way has been made by the surrender of 100 cents. Will they now vote to make their returns payable to them in dollars worth only half as much? Surely it is not to be expected that men with intelligence enough to carry on every variety of highly skilled industry, men with prudence enough to put away $16,000,000 a year in the savings-banks, men with brains enough to organize and successfully conduct such delicately adjusted financial machines as the building and loan associations, will be persuaded by the cockatoo cry of "Imperialism" to sacrifice their wages, their savings, and their investments by licensing such Populistic folly as that which Mr. Bryan himself proposed and wrote into his Kansas City platform. Surely it cannot be possible that one-half of the 268,000 who made up New York's majority against this monstrous proposal in 1896 will vote to sanction it in 1900! Even if there were another serious issue of principle or policy involved in this year's election, as there is not, the thrifty and self-regarding men of New York would refuse to bring this destruction upon themselves upon any plea or in behalf of any cause. Still less reasonably can they be expected to make sacrifice of themselves, their wives, and their children for the sake of averting a danger that no man can define, because it exists only in the distempered imaginations of impracticable dreamers, and has been rhetorically thrust into politics with the sole object of blinding men's eyes to the threatening purpose that in fact inspires Mr. Bryan's candidacy.

As to the sentiment of blind fealty to party upon which politicians rely to bring to Bryan's support this year a multitude of those who abandoned their party four years ago in order to avert the disaster of his election, there is not much prospect that it will accomplish its mission in any considerable degree. To the Democrats of New York Mr. Bryan's candidacy does not represent Democracy, but a lunatic Populism. It will be hard indeed to induce men who four years ago repudiated him and his platform as antagonistic to all the principles and traditions of their party to accept them now as entitled to support on grounds of loyalty to party. A truce has been patched up with the political bosses, it is true, but its shallowness is almost ludicrously apparent. By promising to use the authority of his local political machine to compel a slavish support of Bryan in New York city, Croker has secured for himself a controlling voice in the distribution of party favors and the control of party nominations in the State. How much of sincerity is there in his recantation of his former open denunciations of Bryan and Bryanism? How strong and genuine is his purpose to help Bryan carry New York's electoral vote? What actual effort will he make to that end? And even supposing him to be "playing fair" with those whose favor he has secured by professing a change of heart, what power has he to control the conduct of the scores of thousands of Democrats who abhor him and his methods even more than they detest Bryanism? With all the great Democratic newspapers denouncing him and accusing him of personally conducting a municipal administration of crime, what influence can he have over honest voters who have convictions that are not subject to change for a price, and principles that are not for sale?

David B. Hill, too, has bought his way back into "regularity" by meekly accepting chastisement and humiliation at Kansas City, and by promising to support a candidate whom he detests upon a platform that he has often and openly denounced as revolutionary and ruinous. But does any sane man imagine that such efforts as Hill may seemingly put forth, added to those that Croker will pretend to make, can induce that reversal of 134,000 votes which must be made in order to overcome the 268,000 plurality cast against Bryan at the last election?

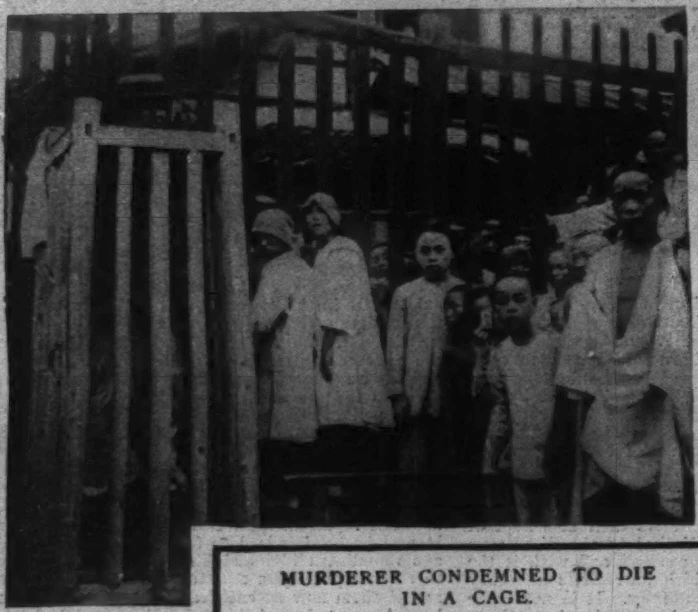
Certainly, neither Hill nor Croker is stupid enough to expect such a revolution. Probably neither of them desires it or would permit it if he had power to determine the matter. Croker has already secured the stakes he was playing for, in the recognition and extension of his boss-ship. He need only make a pretence of activity in behalf of the ticket in order to retain his winnings, and he has altogether too much money of his own invested to desire the triumph of a policy that would disastrously reduce his dividends.

Hill, too, has every inducement of personal political interest to wish for the defeat of the candidate for whose election he has bargained to work. With his "regularity" completely recovered, and with Bryan defeated by the vote of New York, he will be a far more eligible candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1904 than he would be if Bryan should carry New York and secure his election this year. And certainly a Democratic nomination for the Presidency will be worth more to the man who secures it after the party has purged itself of Populism by defeating the representative of that craze a second time, than it would be after four years of Bryan in office and free-coinage repudiation in practice. Manifestly Mr. Bryan's candidacy will not profit much by any effort that David B. Hill is likely to put forth in his behalf.

To the honest and intelligent voters of New York the case presents itself thus:

The candidate is the same this year that they rejected in 1896; the platform, in its essential features, is the same, except that the threat to the honor of the nation and the prosperity of the people has been intensified in its utterance; the issue is the same, and obviously the voters' interest and duty are the same now that they were before.

Can there be doubt that the result will be the same?

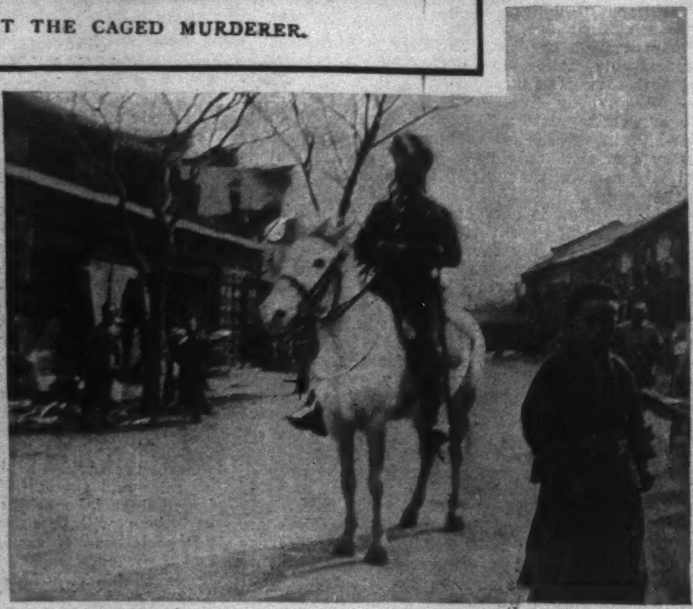


MURDERER CONDEMNED TO DIE IN A CAGE.

CROWD REVILING THE MURDERER—SIKH POLICEMAN IN FOREGROUND.

LOOKING OVER THE FENCE AT THE CAGED MURDERER.

RESIDENCE OF U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL JOHN GOODNOW.

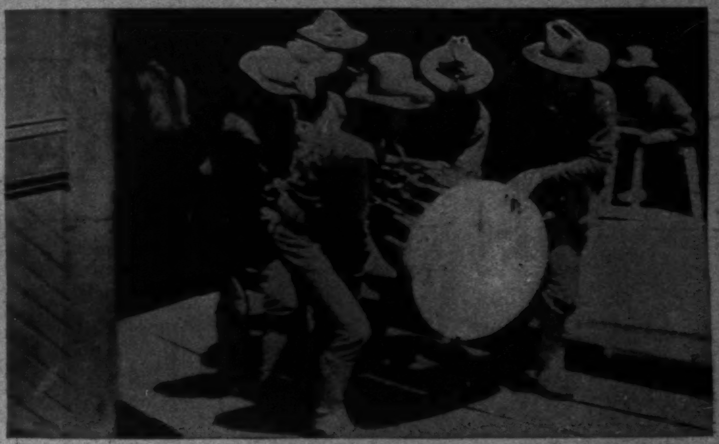


A MOUNTED SIKH POLICEMAN.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—PICTURES OF RECENT EVENTS IN SHANGHAI.

MARCHING ABOARD THE TRANSPORT "MEADE."

STANDS OF ARMS.



CARRYING ARMS ABOARD.

"ALL ASHORE WHO ARE NOT GOING!"

DEPARTURE OF THE 15TH U. S. INFANTRY FROM SAN FRANCISCO FOR CHINA.

REAR-ADMIRAL LOUIS KEMPFF AND FLAG-LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE ASHORE.

CAPTAIN McCALLA AND UNITED STATES CONSUL RAGSDALE SETTING OUT TO VISIT THE VICEROY OF TIENTSIN, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE FIGHTING BEGAN.

IN TIENTSIN, JUST BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—THE GERMAN RESTAURANT IN THE STREET OF NATIONS.—DRAWN BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK.

The Advance on Pretoria

III. From KROONSTAD to the RHENOSTER RIVER

Heliographing

Gen. Hamilton Lunching

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

THE Boer army imagined that when Lord Roberts arrived at Kroonstad he would not move his forces again for some time. At least the captured *Standard and Diggers' News* spoke of the protracted wait on the British forces which must take place, owing to shortage of rations and supplies, before they could again take the field.

It was a vain hope, probably as longingly cherished by the tired British soldier as by the fleeing Boer, for Lord Roberts had no such intention. He had equipped his army for a resistless advance on Pretoria, and, in fulfilment of his plans, three days after his entry into Kroonstad, or on Tuesday, May 15, he had started towards Ludley an expedition under General Ian Hamilton, consisting of a mixed division of horse, artillery, mounted infantry, and infantry, some twelve thousand strong, with Lindley, slightly to the southeast, as their objective point. Lord Roberts, with his main column, did remain in Kroonstad for a week, but he was waiting as much for the proper advance of the flanking columns—he sent General French to the left a day later than General Hamilton's move—as for the subsistence stores that were coming up by rail and wagon-train.

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These fighting brothers (both risen from the ranks) would be a credit to any army as commanders, and on all sides one hears British officers speaking of them as remarkable men, for, in spite of the deep-rooted feeling of contemptuous superiority to the rest of mankind which exists in the breasts of the Imperial officers, they do express a smiling admiration for the daring deeds of an enemy.

It was fifty miles to Lindley, forty-two miles to Heilbron, due north, and twenty-one miles northwesterly back to the railroad at Vredefort Station, or roughly, a hundred and twenty miles of fast marching was necessary in the execution of this movement. The first day's advance was a short one, only some six or eight miles out of Kroonstad. On the next day (Wednesday, May 16), a portion of Colonel De Lisle's corps of mounted infantry was deflected southward of the main wagon-road to capture Field-Cornet Botha, whom a Kafir runner said was to be found at his home, fifteen miles away. Straight across country the deflected squadrons travelled, while the large column held the main road to Lindley, or toward the next camping-ground at Paardekraal. It was over rolling hills and down into steep-banked streams that De Lisle's men passed, breaking their wide-open order, in squadron formation, to fall into single file, while their horses, one by one, let themselves stumblingly down the narrow trails, and floundered through the oozy mud of the streams.

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Not a shot was fired during the next day's march, and the force went into camp on the Valsch River, within six miles of Lindley, which was entered without drawing a shot from the enemy. The inhabitants of the town assured us that less than 200 Boers had passed through the village under the command of De Wett. Poor De Wett! It was truly pathetic that a commander who had made such a brilliant retreat from Wepener should have been deserted at the moment when he was practically safe, and in a position to do serious injury to the enemy once more. Yet it was so, that out of his original command of several thousand and his own sixteen hundred burghers he had left only a scant two hundred. The Free State Boers—except the few stout hearts who never say die—had slunk off to their farms and were giving up their arms to the British hordes.

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The mounted infantry and a battery of guns were sent thundering after them, but, before they were reached, the Boer forces had split into three portions, following different trails. The only organization apparent was to the right, where a hundred horsemen, riding slowly, waited for the oncoming Colonials, while their guns kept up the retreat. Three thousand yards away the artillery took up the song of war once more, and shell after shell crashed near and apparently into the band of riders. They opened up, retreated a thousand yards, faced about, and calmly watched for the next move in the game, but as soon as the artillery again moved on them, they fell back towards the top of the hill and disappeared, their flight being accelerated by the New South Wales contingent, who seem always to succeed in reaching the enemy; in this instance, by moving in a semicircle in the depression of two hills, they suddenly came out within rifle-range of the Boers and bowled over two field-cornets and a number of men in the first volley.

For half the day on Monday, De Wett worried the rear of the column, but Colonel De Lisle's corps of mounted infantry, with the New South Wales contingent this time, were rear-guard, and administered a chastisement which kept the Boers off Hamilton's heels for two days. The handful of Colonials from Australia, less than five hundred strong, scattered to the rear in bands of twenty, and held every hill in an arc of three miles. As each cluster withdrew, one in the rear protected its retirement so that never for a moment was there a party out of rifle-range of another.

They had not long to wait. De Wett, so flushed with his success of the previous day that he had sent a runner to Hamilton offering to exchange prisoners, came boldly ahead. His numbers had increased; success had caused the "cold feet" to turn out, and instead of two hundred he had nearer the five-hundred mark. They came into sight upon a far-distant hill, sent two or three scouts across the valley, and up onto the hills where one party of New South Wales men lay close upon the ground. The scouts failed to see the crouching men, and waved on the main body of Boers, who rode fearlessly into the valley, and gathered around a farm-house eight hundred yards away. "Now's our time, men. Give 'em a volley. Eight hundred yards. Ready! Aim! Fire!" What confusion! Boers struggling into saddles and riding like mad in every direction, not being able to locate the source of the puzzling fire. Pot! pot! pot! the rifles went. Horses fell, and men ran on foot, or were pinned fast beneath the mass; some animals ran with empty saddles, careering across the yellowish veldt, with heads high in the air. Pandemonium reigned among the Boers for a few short minutes, and then, in some sort of order, they galloped furiously around the end of the hill. Hardly out of sight were they before the sound of a solid volley was wafted to the ears of the men who had just done the execution. The Boers had dashed fairly into another Colonial-held hill, and after five hundred yards, they met the bullets which sang quick and fast through the air. Once more, in their bewildered flight, they found New South Wales bullets, and they must have thought that the enemy was legion, and was possessed of every bit of high ground in the country round.

For two hours they disappeared and then came into view far on the left, near the main road. Some one had advised General Hamilton that severe fighting was taking place in the rear, and, fearful that perhaps another reverse might take place, two pom-poms were sent back in a hurry. Unfortunate Boers! They rode right into easy range of these dreadful automatic machines, with which they had so often cleverly stopped British advances. From the spurts of dust where the shells fell they rode like demons, not to be seen again until Heilbron was passed. The New South Wales and Colonel De Lisle had evened up the score.

Heilbron inhabitants turned out to greet the incoming of the British, not with guns, but with an enthusiastic pacific welcome. There were hundreds of people on the streets, and quite half were women and children. That General Broadwood, with his cavalry, had pounded through the outskirts of the village in pursuit of the Heilbron Boer commando, and was, at the moment, vigorously shelling their wagon-train not over two miles away, seemed not to embarrass their joyous greetings in the least.

In Camp with Hamilton's Column, May 26, 1900.

THE GUNS OF THE TWELFTH.

THE BICYCLE ORDERLIES.

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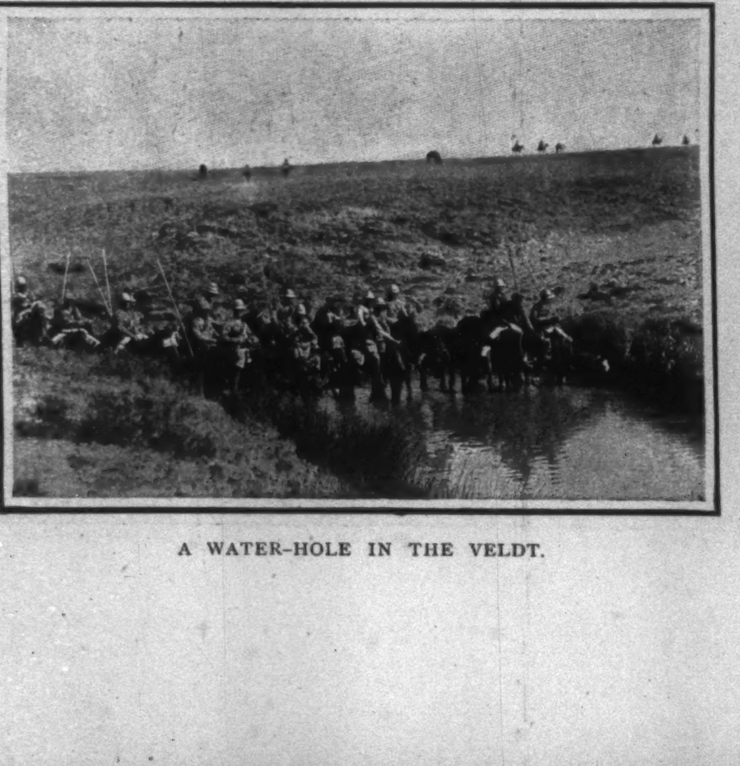
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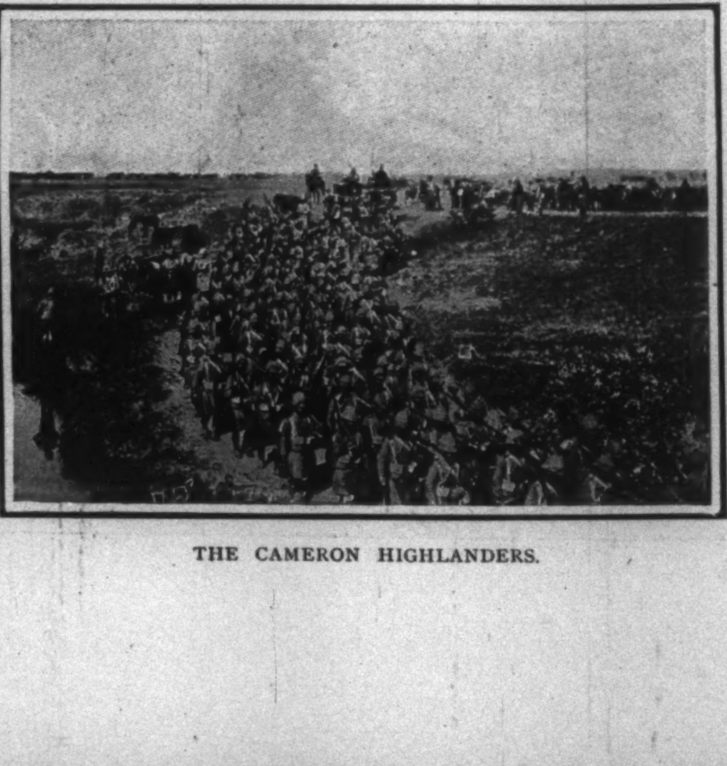
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Ten miles from Lindley, just as the scouts were climbing a low rocky kopje, a mile and a half in advance of the large bodies of infantry, mounted infantry, and artillery, marching in quarter-column, two pieces of Boer artillery let loose, and the shells came screaming into the closed ranks. Fortunately the first few shells did not explode—as a matter of fact, very few of either the Boer or the British twelve-pounders do burst. The infantry rapidly deployed, and the scouts, in their function of feelers, fired once or twice and then galloped back beyond the accurate range of bullets.

Within two minutes British fifteen-pounders were pummelling the kopje, and within five the "cow-guns"—the four-point sevens—were sailing big lyddite shells, which threw up immense clouds of dirt and rocks, on exploding, right onto the artillerist. The enemy's fire slackened, and then ceased. It took an hour to move to the empty kopje; not a Boer had been seen, but there, on the flat top, were the excavations made by the British high explosives, dangerously near where the trails of two guns had furrowed the ground in recoil. Four wheel tracks led away, straight down the seemingly impassable rocky decline in the rear, and far off across the veldt, always behind the protecting hummock. Four miles away, where the road climbed the opposing hills in an attenuated streak, a faint dust-cloud arose, resolving itself, by the aid of the telescope, into guns and horsemen rapidly trekking northward.

The mounted infantry and a battery of guns were sent thundering after them, but, before they were reached, the Boer forces had split into three portions, following different trails. The only organization apparent was to the right, where a hundred horsemen, riding slowly, waited for the oncoming Colonials, while their guns kept up the retreat. Three thousand yards away the artillery took up the song of war once more, and shell after shell crashed near and apparently into the band of riders. They opened up, retreated a thousand yards, faced about, and calmly watched for the next move in the game, but as soon as the artillery again moved on them, they fell back towards the top of the hill and disappeared, their flight being accelerated by the New South Wales contingent, who seem always to succeed in reaching the enemy; in this instance, by moving in a semicircle in the depression of two hills, they suddenly came out within rifle-range of the Boers and bowled over two field-cornets and a number of men in the first volley.

For half the day on Monday, De Wett worried the rear of the column, but Colonel De Lisle's corps of mounted infantry, with the New South Wales contingent this time, were rear-guard, and administered a chastisement which kept the Boers off Hamilton's heels for two days. The handful of Colonials from Australia, less than five hundred strong, scattered to the rear in bands of twenty, and held every hill in an arc of three miles. As each cluster withdrew, one in the rear protected its retirement so that never for a moment was there a party out of rifle-range of another.

They had not long to wait. De Wett, so flushed with his success of the previous day that he had sent a runner to Hamilton offering to exchange prisoners, came boldly ahead. His numbers had increased; success had caused the "cold feet" to turn out, and instead of two hundred he had nearer the five-hundred mark. They came into sight upon a far-distant hill, sent two or three scouts across the valley, and up onto the hills where one party of New South Wales men lay close upon the ground. The scouts failed to see the crouching men, and waved on the main body of Boers, who rode fearlessly into the valley, and gathered around a farm-house eight hundred yards away. "Now's our time, men. Give 'em a volley. Eight hundred yards. Ready! Aim! Fire!" What confusion! Boers struggling into saddles and riding like mad in every direction, not being able to locate the source of the puzzling fire. Pot! pot! pot! the rifles went. Horses fell, and men ran on foot, or were pinned fast beneath the mass; some animals ran with empty saddles, careering across the yellowish veldt, with heads high in the air. Pandemonium reigned among the Boers for a few short minutes, and then, in some sort of order, they galloped furiously around the end of the hill. Hardly out of sight were they before the sound of a solid volley was wafted to the ears of the men who had just done the execution. The Boers had dashed fairly into another Colonial-held hill, and after five hundred yards, they met the bullets which sang quick and fast through the air. Once more, in their bewildered flight, they found New South Wales bullets, and they must have thought that the enemy was legion, and was possessed of every bit of high ground in the country round.

For two hours they disappeared and then came into view far on the left, near the main road. Some one had advised General Hamilton that severe fighting was taking place in the rear, and, fearful that perhaps another reverse might take place, two pom-poms were sent back in a hurry. Unfortunate Boers! They rode right into easy range of these dreadful automatic machines, with which they had so often cleverly stopped British advances. From the spurts of dust where the shells fell they rode like demons, not to be seen again until Heilbron was passed. The New South Wales and Colonel De Lisle had evened up the score.

Heilbron inhabitants turned out to greet the incoming of the British, not with guns, but with an enthusiastic pacific welcome. There were hundreds of people on the streets, and quite half were women and children. That General Broadwood, with his cavalry, had pounded through the outskirts of the village in pursuit of the Heilbron Boer commando, and was, at the moment, vigorously shelling their wagon-train not over two miles away, seemed not to embarrass their joyous greetings in the least.

IN CAMP WITH HAMILTON'S COLUMN, *May 26, 1900.*

THE GUNS OF THE TWELFTH.

THE BICYCLE ORDERLIES.

THE RACE-TRACK

DRAWN BY G. W.

CK AT MANILA

W. PETERS

GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CROTON DAM.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DAM

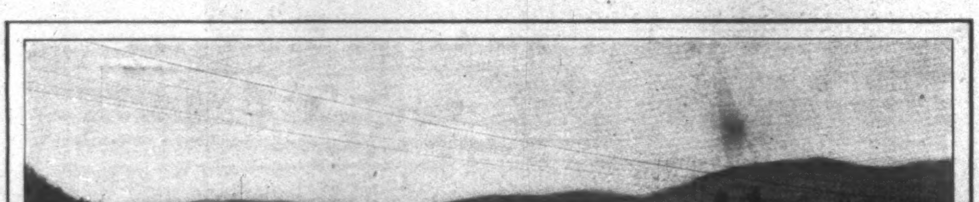
BY FRANK W. SKINNER, C. E.

FOLLOW one throb of Father Neptune's ceaseless pulse from where its waves surge past the stately ocean liners moored at Manhattan's miles of docks, past the hurrying millions of three great cities, past the lovely Riverside Park and its beautiful marble mausoleum, to where the briny tide ascends the Hudson and resistlessly turns back twice daily its advancing flood. It carries us under the beautiful lofty arches of High Bridge and the grand steel ribs of Washington Bridge, flanked on one side by the multiplied lines of a great railroad and on the other by the costly buttresses of the spacious Speedway. We pass ponderous steel drawbridges that silently move like sluggish monsters, and on beyond the great ship-canal see the heights of Spuyten Duyvil, now clustered with modern villas, where once echoed the last trumpet notes of valiant Anthony Corlear as he perished in these noble waters that flow on by the majestic Palisades, till we reach the gloomy walls whose barred portals make Sing Sing more famous than even this beautiful location and picturesqueness of river, mountains, and forest. Here, on the eastern side of the Hudson basin, let us trace the Croton Valley, and explore that charming region where the roads winding over the wooded hills give constant glimpses of lovely valleys threaded by rippling brooks, tinkling with dainty waterfalls, and presenting a constant succession of fertile fields, thrifty homes with orchards, harvest fields, well-stocked pastures and woodlands. From occasional summits there are vistas of the broad Hudson gleaming with white sails framed against the massive grandeur of its rugged headlands. We are scarcely forty miles from the metropolis, not a score from the woodland roads and the Sleepy Hollow bridge, where the luckless Ichabod Crane, discarded by his pretty mistress, furiously galloped his gaunt steed in his terrified race with the Headless Horseman. The shaded road winds through this region of beauty and romance, to suddenly emerge high up on the hill-side upon a scene of modern engineering. A cyclopean wall is rising from the unseen depths of a yawning pit to cross the valley from flank to flank of its rocky slopes, and deeply pierces their sides to make a mighty dam that will hold back the waters of the Croton River, and piling them higher and higher, eventually transform about 7000 acres of fertile lowland to a placid lake 15 miles long and 157 feet deep. The puffing of scores of steam pumps and engines, the smoke of many boiler furnaces, the rattle of machinery, swinging of derricks, rumble of train-loads of stone and sand, the voices of nearly a thousand workmen, and the sight of whole villages of their houses, with the bright garments of native and foreign women and children, give life and animation to the scene.

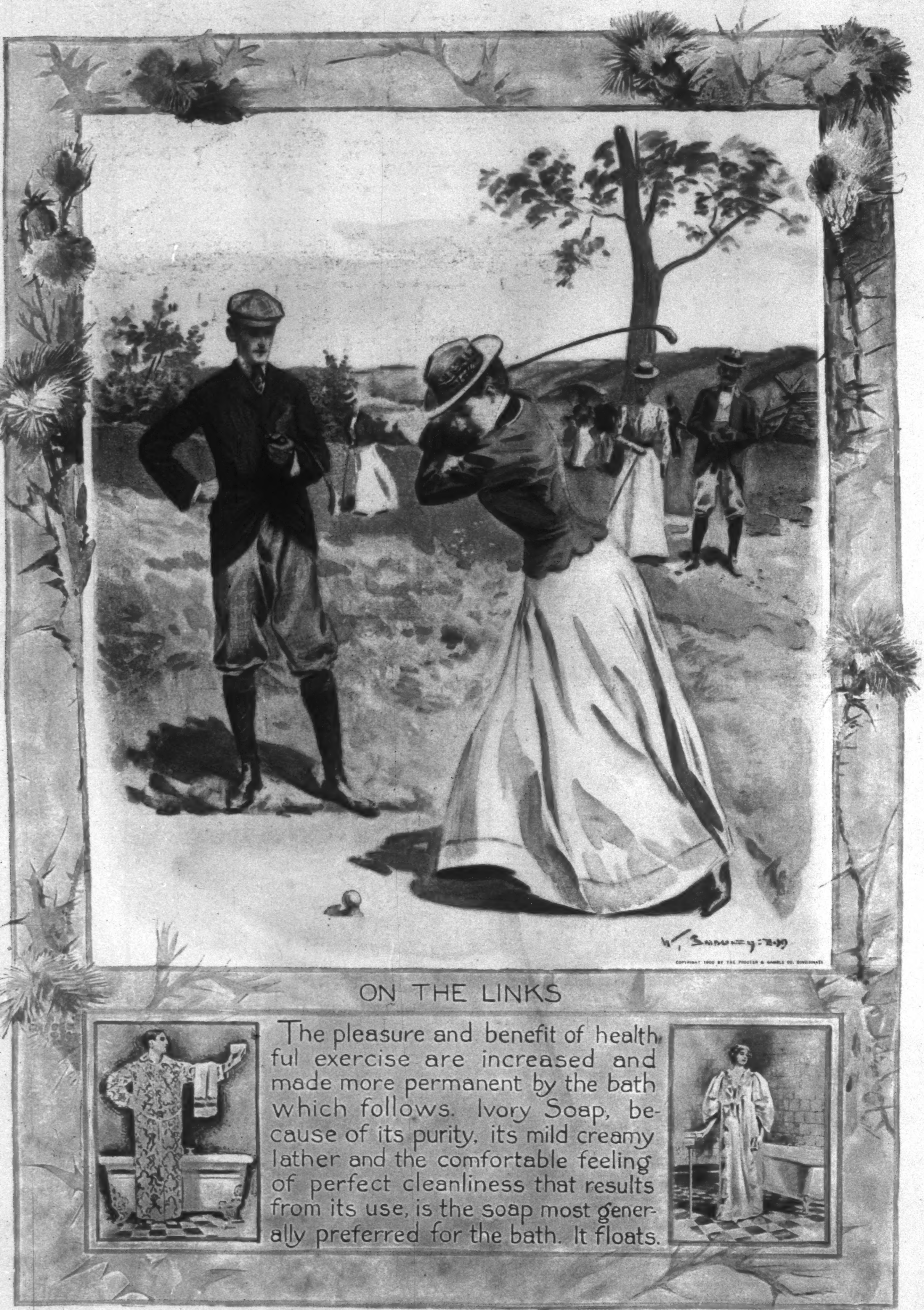
This dam is to impound more water for part of the supply to the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx, New York city, whose million and a half of inhabitants already use a total amount of nearly 200,000,000, or 133 gallons per capita, daily.

The new Croton Dam at the Cornell site is built in an approximately north and south line across the bed of the Croton River, about 3¼ miles above its junction with the Hudson. It will cost about $5,000,000, and be the largest and most extensive yet built on this continent, and in extreme dimensions and volume of masonry probably second to none in the world. Its height is certainly the greatest of any in the world, and the total amount of masonry of all kinds is about 670,000 cubic yards—a volume approximately one-fifth of that of the pyramid of Cheops, which, Herodotus states, was 764 feet square, 480 feet high, and required the labor of 100,000 men for twenty years to build it. The main structure is a solid mass of very large blocks of selected stone, carefully fitted together, and laid in the best and strongest cement, that rapidly becomes as hard as flint. It has an extreme thickness of 200 feet at the bottom and a height of 294 feet from the lowest point of its foundation to the crest. It is about 700 feet in length, and terminates at the south end with a huge earth embankment and masonry core wall extending into a trench 25 feet wide and 75 feet deep that is cut in the rock of the hill-side. At the north end it joins the side wall of a canal terraced out of the sloping rock to afford a spillway for discharging the surplus water around the dam to the river-bed below it, so as to prevent the possibility of the water ever rising to the crest of the dam itself. This spillway or overflow widens from 50 feet at the upper end to 125 feet at the lower end, it is 1000 feet long, and is built in steps, gradually bringing the water down to the lower level. Two elaborate masonry structures are built in the body of the dam to provide shafts and chambers for the installation and operation of valves to control the flow of the water through it and through the old Croton Aqueduct, whose brick structure is carried through the dam itself at the south end.

Careful studies and estimates and accurate surveys were made to determine the most suitable location of the dam. Many lines of levels were taken, and maps and profiles drawn to show the contours of the surface and where the water-lines would be formed when the dam was built. Subterranean explorations of the soil and the underlying rock were made by numerous borings to ascertain the conditions that would exist for foundations in different places. For this purpose a diamond drill was used, and with its hollow pipe cylindrical cores were cut out and removed to any required depth, showing exactly the nature and extent of the different deposits of earth and soil and the underlying strata of rock. The indications thus secured were interpreted to show that the bed-rock was



ARTIFICIAL CHANNEL CONSTRUCTED FOR THE CROTON RIVER.



Any person wishing a copy of this picture may mail to us 10 Ivory Soap wrappers, on receipt of which we will send a copy (without printing) on enamel plate paper, 11 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

about 75 feet below the original bed of the river, and might be found soft and loose for a thickness of about 10 feet, below which it was harder, and believed to be suitable to receive the foundations. After the character and position of the rock were thus determined a profile was drawn showing the approximate line which it was supposed would be likely to limit the bottom of the necessary excavation and give the outline of the foundations of the dam. The design of the dam was then made, and involved elaborate calculations and the most careful assumptions of the conditions that would be likely, as well as analyses of those which would be certain, to exist. Comparisons were made with other great dams, and the design was skilfully elaborated by the most experienced engineers. It is not within the scope of this article to follow the different computations, but some idea of their importance and magnitude may be formed from the statement that under the assumption that the water could act freely against the full upper side of the dam, a contingency which must be provided for, the direct pressure against its up-stream side tending to overturn it would, in round numbers, approximate a thousand million pounds, which is resisted by the weight of the dam itself, which is probably over two and a quarter thousand million pounds. After the completion of the general drawings and specifications, which minutely describe the character and quality of the work and the principal methods to be employed in its construction, the contract bids were prepared. Upon these estimates five contractors made offers, which were remarkable for their small variation, the sum of the prices of the lowest bid being $4,450,573 and of the highest $4,527,769, a difference of scarcely more than 8 per cent. of the highest bid. The contract was awarded to Mr. James S. Coleman, August 26, 1892, and up to the present time over $3,000,000 worth of work has been done on it.

The first work to be done by the contractors after establishing their machinery and the quarters for their men was to turn aside the waters of the Croton River, so as to lay bare its ancient bed, and permit the excavation of a pit there 130 feet deep. In order to do this a canal 1000 feet long and about 200 feet wide was cut in the rocky hill-side across the north end of the proposed dam, so as to form a crescent-shaped diversion whose upper and lower ends joined the old bed of the river. On the river-side of this canal a heavy masonry wall 630 feet long, 23 feet high, and 13 feet thick at the bottom was built, and terminated at the upper end in a curved-wing dam built across the old channel of the river, so as to throw the water into the new canal. This dam, 30 feet high and 110 feet wide, was built of rolled earth, with a vertical centre wall of double heavy timber piles driven 20 feet into the ground, and protected up-stream by timber crib-work which is filled with stone and encloses a water-tight clay wall. A similar dam is built across the old bed of the river at the lower end of the canal, and then the space thus enclosed between them was pumped dry by powerful steam-engines. This diversion work alone cost many thousand dollars, and in order to be safe for the six or eight years during which the great dam would be under construction, was made as strong and heavy as many permanent structures. The wisdom of this care was evident when the Croton River, whose summer flow is often not more than six inches in depth through the new channel, became in a flood fifteen feet deep, and was suddenly transformed from a gentle brook into a roaring torrent that discharged about 15,000 cubic feet per second, and would have wrought unmeasured havoc if it burst these barriers and inundated the enormous pit, in the bottom of which hundreds of men were working. No part of the masonry rests on the earth or even on the natural rock surface, but is carried down into the solid rock far enough to be certain that it is sound and uninjured. When the excavation was made under the river-bed a large quantity of loose sand was encountered, then hard sand, and finally a bed of gravel above the rock. In some places large cavities were encountered, from which the dirt was removed, and usually the rock taken away from above them; but in one case a cave eight feet square and thirty feet long was found considerably below the general bottom, with a solid roof somewhat resembling a natural arch fifteen or twenty feet thick. It was deemed permissible to leave this sound stone, so the cavity was timbered, thoroughly cleaned, built as full as possible of masonry, and the interstices finally filled with thin mortar run in under considerable pressure.

The excavation of the foundation pit—1300 feet long, 500 feet wide on top, and 300 feet deep from the highest point of earth removed beyond the river-bed—was completed in September, 1897, and involved the removal of 900,000 cubic yards of earth and 100,000 of rock. The sides of the pit were not dug vertical, but were sloped as steeply as it was found that the material would stand—in some cases so sharply that it would be difficult and dangerous for the unpractised person to climb them, although the engineers continually traversed them to make their surveys for determining the amount of work done and successive payments due upon it. At different heights of the slope narrow horizontal spaces called berms were left. Some excavation was done by pick and shovel, but most of it was made by steam-shovels. The spoil, as all excavated material is termed, was loaded into narrow-gauge cars, and drawn up and out of the pit on inclined roads by teams and locomotives, until a depth of 60 or 70 feet had been attained, when the inclines became so steep that they were pulled out by a steel cable operated by a hoisting-engine at the top. Later on enormous dredges and steam-shovels with 100-horse-power engines were used that could dig 60 cubic feet of earth at a bucketful and load it into a car 80 feet distant. Finally a heavy wooden tower was built on one side of the valley high up on the hill in the line of the dam, and another one was built in a corresponding position at the other end of the dam, about 1200 feet away. Between the tops of these two towers, nearly 300 feet above the bottom of the pit, was stretched a steel cable two inches thick, whose ends

SOME OF THE 10-TON STEAM-DERRICKS.

were firmly anchored into the solid rock of the mountain behind each tower, and were arranged with powerful screws so that they could be tightened at will. One of these towers is stationary, and the other can move about 25 feet back and forth at right angles to the direction of the cable. From a trolley which runs on top of this cable is suspended a hoisting-line operated by a 75-horse-power engine set in the fixed tower, and so arranged that a bucket or other load weighing 10 tons can be attached to it and run out at will to any position on the cable and hoisted or lowered at a speed of 1000 feet a minute. All these operations are controlled from the bottom of the pit or the top of the bank by electric bells signalling the man at the engine. After the first cable was thus installed, two other similar ones were set parallel to it, about 50 feet apart, so as to together command the entire width of the dam and the bottom of the excavation throughout its whole length. By these cableways the last of the earth and all of the rock excavated were removed.

After the unsound upper surface of the rock was removed it was inspected by the resident engineer and his assistants, who exercised the most scrupulous care to see that every unsuitable portion was taken out, and only the thoroughly sound parts left to receive the masonry and be subject to the enormous pressure of the foot of the towering mass of stone that was to surmount them. Great care was taken not to crack or shatter the rock that was not removed. Very light charges of explosive were used, and at the last the pieces were picked and sledged out by hand as much as possible. The rock was sounded and tested and its surface carefully cleaned and washed to make sure of the quality. Cracks were dug out with thin tools, and finally the clean surface was painted with pure Portland cement mortar applied with brooms. At this period the bottom of the great pit presented a very irregular surface, indented with pockets and having projections of sound rock. No attempt was made to reduce it to a general level, but each place was carefully filled in with large stones up to 80 cubic feet in volume, which were bedded, when necessary, with small stones laid up in thick cement mortar to fill the irregularities of the surface and give them horizontal beds. Numerous springs were encountered, which, if neglected, might have caused serious injury to the dam. Therefore wherever they appeared vertical pipes of light spiral iron were inserted in them and the stone and cement built around them. Each pipe was carried up as high as the water would rise in it, and when the masonry had reached that level a grout of pure cement mortar was forced into the pipe under a pressure of 100 pounds per square inch so as to completely fill it and drive all the water out of the cavities in the masonry or the underlying rock.

During the execution of the work below the river-bed great quantities of water flowed into the pit, which was sometimes 150 feet below the surface of the river. In order to control this a good-sized well was left at the lowest part of the excavation, and all the water drained into it, so that it could be conveniently removed through three suction-pipes, each one foot in diameter. As the water had to be raised to an unusual height, it was more convenient in the deepest places to pump it up a hundred feet or so and there discharge it into an auxiliary well, from which it was again pumped into the river beyond the dam. Probably a maximum amount of nearly 10,000,000 gallons of water daily was handled, but the ordinary volume for any considerable time rarely exceeded about 5,000,000 gallons a day—a quantity, however, that is sufficient to supply a city of 50,000 inhabitants. Seven large steam-pumps were installed, but the final discharge into the river was usually accomplished by two of them, each of which was capable of raising 4,000,000 gallons of water 90 feet high in 24 hours. Steam for the pumps was supplied by two 100-horse-power boilers located on top of the bank, and having their steam-pipe enclosed in boxes and insulated by magnesia to prevent the loss in transmission. As the lower part of the pit was gradually filled by the masonry, the pumps were also filled up, though still remaining below the level of the work, so as always to collect the water. When the masonry reaches the level of the present surface of the river, about 146 feet below its final crest, a large stone arch will probably be built over the river, and the dam continued on the top of it to completion. Then a heavy cofferdam will be built across the upper face of the arch opening to exclude the water from it, and enable the workmen to enter and build in solid stone-work to entirely fill the arch opening, and complete the continuity of the dam.

Scattered over the area of the dam are set about 30 derricks, each able to lift a stone weighing 15,000 pounds and set it anywhere within a radius of 30 to 50 feet. These derricks build up irregular pyramids of stone around themselves, and always lay the faces in rude steps, so as to join satisfactorily with the adjacent masonry, which is always built up before any point has reached a height of more than 15 feet above the work built alongside. Each of these derricks is operated by a special steam hoisting-engine set near it.

While the excavation was in progress, the contractor opened a stone quarry about a mile and a half away to furnish all the stone, except the cut granite. This stone is hauled to the dam by locomotives, and is either taken around the sides of the pit on belt tracks and delivered directly to the derricks, or is taken to the end of the dam and delivered to the cableways, which carry it to the central part of the work not easily reached by the derricks. The cableways also carry the bags of cement to the platforms near each derrick, where the mortar is mixed. During the winter of 1897 the work was vigorously prosecuted, notwithstanding the precautions which had to be taken to prevent the mortar from freezing before it was set. The sand was piled over steam-pipes and well heated. The frost was removed from the stones by playing a jet of live steam over them, and salt was mixed with the water used. At night the work was covered with tarpaulins, and progress was thus made where the work could not have been satisfactorily accomplished without these intelligent precautions.

About 14,000 barrels of cement are stored in the adjacent storehouse, and samples of it from every tenth barrel are continually tested to prove that it develops the required strength per square inch. In one month as much as 17,000 cubic yards of masonry, requiring about 16,000 barrels of cement, have been laid. Boilers aggregating over 700 horse-power are installed on the work, besides seven locomotives, for which 3000 tons of coal were stored for last winter's supply. Six rock-drills were provided for the work, and there were nearly 200 railroad cars in service there. A completely equipped machine-shop is run for repairing the machinery, and an electric-light plant is provided; 30 teams and about 800 men are employed by the contractors, and the engineer corps has parties of surveyors and draughtsmen, besides 12 inspectors, constantly supervising the mason-work. The land required for the purposes of the dam will amount to about 7000 acres, which is being paid for by New York city at the rate of from $100 to $200 an acre. When the reservoir is filled with water many highways will be destroyed, and the new ones and bridges which it will be necessary to build to replace them are estimated to cost more than a million of dollars. This work was designed and has been conducted for several years by Mr. Alphonse Fteley, and since his resignation Mr. W. B. Hill is chief engineer. Its execution is in charge of Division-Engineer Charles S. Gowen, Member A. S. C. E., and of Mr. Jules Breuchaud, Associate A. S. C. E., of the contracting firm.

NOTE.—Acknowledgment is made to the *Engineering Record* for the photographs used in the illustration of this article.

THE PROGRESS *of the* CAMPAIGN

THE most notable event in the week of the national political campaign was the formal notification to Messrs. Bryan and Stevenson of their respective nominations of President and Vice-President by the Kansas City Democratic National Convention. The notification ceremonies occurred on August 8, at Indianapolis, in the open air and in a public park. The weather was intensely hot. This interfered somewhat with the size of the throngs on the streets which waited for the parade to pass, and it also caused something of a diminution in the popular acclaim to the central figures of the occasion. There was a parade of several thousand men, acting as an escort to the candidates. Mr. Bryan spoke with fervor, and his earnest periods aroused considerable enthusiasm. As had been foreshadowed by the despatches from his home, the speech was confined almost exclusively to a discussion of the question of Imperialism. Perhaps the most noteworthy point in his address was the announcement that if he should be elected President of the United States, practically his first act would be to convoke Congress in "an extraordinary session" to deal with the Philippines question, with the idea, of course, of revoking the policy of the present administration.

In other respects the speech was a repetition of Colonel Bryan's well-known views on so-called Imperialism. It was the general opinion that the address was characterized by a strength and smoothness of diction that indicated the most careful preparation. It abounded in epigrams that revealed something of an artificial nature, and in the peroration of the address there was a marked attempt to reach a high grade of oratory, such as is most frequently in demand on the stump in American political campaigns.

Mr. Stevenson's speech embraced a wider range of topics. He is not an orator, and the throng had become somewhat exhausted in listening to Mr. Bryan's 10,000-word address in the broiling sun. Mr. Stevenson could be heard only a few feet from the stand, and there was little interest in what he said by those of the auditors who remained in the park. Both of the candidates will present letters of acceptance, and Mr. Bryan in his letter will discuss the leading issues of the day not mentioned in his public address in Indianapolis.

GRADUALLY the way is being cleared toward a complete union of the Democratic party with its so-called allies, the Populists and Silver Republicans, so far as their national tickets are concerned. The Silver Republicans at Kansas City, at the earnest solicitation of Charles A. Towne, who had been nominated for Vice-President by the Populists at Sioux Falls, declared for Bryan and Stevenson. A committee had been arranged for by the Populist convention to fill any vacancies on the ticket. It was a foregone conclusion, as the result of the announcement by Mr. Towne that he would support Bryan and Stevenson, that he would decline to accept the Populist nomination for Vice-President. Serious objections to this plan, however, arose among the Populists in Nebraska and Kansas, and it was not until Monday, August 6, that the announcement was made by Mr. Towne that he would not accept the nomination of the Populists for a second place on their national ticket. In his letter to the Hon. P. M. Ringsdall, the chairman of the Committee on Notification named by the Populist National Convention, Mr. Towne said:

"The Democratic convention, before which I was a candidate, nominated Bryan and Stevenson. The Silver Republican party, of which organization I was the official head for nearly four years, has nominated Bryan and Stevenson. In what light should I appear before the American people if, while advocating the election of one ticket, I should be going through the form of running on another? Nobody in the United States would think that I had the slightest chance of being elected, and nobody would believe that I considered myself seriously as a candidate unless at the same time he believed me to be absolutely lacking in common-sense. Whom could such a phantom candidacy deceive?"

Mr. Towne, following the example of political orators, especially those in the West, could not resist the temptation to indulge in what is known as a "glowing period" in his letter. In his earnestness his words almost approached a condition of grandiloquence. In speaking of the Kansas City platform, he said:

"The platform adopted not only re-enacts the principles of 1896, but in language whose force, dignity, and beauty have never been equalled in a similar document, responds to the new issue presented in the growth of a trust monopoly and the imperialistic fallacy of the administration by an appropriate enumeration of those sublime doctrines of human rights and liberties whose possession and observance have been the peculiar glory of our country and are the sure basis of the ultimate happiness of mankind; and again the duty of carrying the banner of the cause has been committed to that tried and trusted hand whose grasp has never weakened, which no fear can make to falter, and no burden can dismay. The leadership of Bryan, which could have redeemed a bad platform, sanctified a good one. It made memorable an unsuccessful contest. It will crown a victory with imperishable splendor."

The National Executive Committee of the Populists was called to meet in Chicago, to consider Mr. Towne's letter and to make final arrangements for a complete fusion between the Democratic party and its allies. It is generally conceded that if Mr. Bryan should be elected President, Mr. Towne's self-sacrifice in withdrawing from the Populist ticket will be rewarded with a seat in the cabinet.

THE attitude of the Gold Democrats in the present national campaign has aroused much speculation. Announcements have been made that many of them, not being able to approve the administration of President McKinley for this or that reason, would vote for Mr. Bryan this year, feeling confident that if elected he could cause no serious damage to the financial situation of the country. Mr. Bryan has plainly indicated that he would be glad to welcome these Gold Democrats back to the fold, although in 1896 he scolded at them and plainly told them that they were not wanted. A large majority of the Gold Democrats, however, have indicated at least their belief that free silver is still an issue, and that the cause for their very pronounced split from the party has not been removed.

The announcement by General John M. Palmer, the Gold Democratic nominee for President in 1896, that he will vote for William McKinley for President, has clarified the situation perceptibly, and there is no reason to doubt that the Republicans think it has given their cause added strength. In an interview with General Palmer, published on August 5, the famous leader of the bolting Democrats four years ago, said:

"Populism is unsafe, and Mr. Bryan is the high-priest of that faction—a faction that is already strong enough to menace the best interests of a safe government. Mr. Bryan's strength has grown greater than we expected. Individually he is clean, and I credit him with being honest in his opinions, but at the same time I cannot endorse them. Populism has grown wonderfully strong and wonderfully dangerous.

"Mr. McKinley has the confidence of the best interests of the country. I differ with him on many material questions concerning the welfare of the whole people, but between him and Bryan there is but one course. Mr. McKinley has done the best he could. He has been a safe leader on most of the vital issues that have arisen during his administration. He is not flighty."

General Palmer made the interesting announcement also that if former-Senator David B. Hill had been nominated for President instead of Mr. Bryan, he would have supported Mr. Hill's candidacy.

Another interesting announcement of the week was that the Hon. James E. Boyd, the only Democratic Governor that Nebraska ever had, is opposed to Mr. Bryan. He has not come out openly for McKinley, but he had this to say regarding Mr. Bryan:

"The greatest mistake Bryan ever made was to require the Kansas City convention to reiterate the 16-to-1 free-silver coinage plank. It will cause Bryan's defeat under heavier majorities than were given four years ago. It was sheer idiocy. Prosperity, everywhere in evidence, cannot be talked down. It may not be due to McKinley, but it is possible under the policy for which McKinley stands."

THE North Carolina political campaign, which has resulted in the adoption of a constitutional amendment disfranchising the negroes, has passed into history and is already causing some trouble, especially in the Populist ranks. There is a disposition among some of the politicians of North Carolina to continue the agitation against the negroes, and the effect of the campaign is likely to be a serious factor in the management of the Populist campaign. United States Senator Butler, who is the national chairman of the Populists, has just emerged from a State campaign in which the Democrats menaced his personal safety and abridged his right of free speech in his own State. It was understood, when he accepted the place of national chairman, that it was to help him in his State campaign in North Carolina this summer. It is regarded as altogether likely that he will now be unwilling to give up his place, and that he may make pretty severe demands upon the National Democratic Committee as his price for harmony. Vice-chairman Edmiston of the Populists makes no secret of his desire to get rid of Butler. One of the humors of the campaign possibly is found in the suggestion sent out from the Democratic national headquarters that Mr. Butler has been the subject of Republican treachery in North Carolina, and that now is the time for him to ally himself vigorously with the Democratic managers in the coming canvass.

Meantime the agitation in favor of the disfranchising of the negro in the South continues, and the matter is likely to play a most pronounced part in the politics of the country at no very remote day. The famous "grandfather clause," adopted in North Carolina to evade the Federal Constitution and yet allow white illiterates to vote, is to this effect:

"Section 5.—No male person who was on January 1, 1857, or at any time prior thereto, entitled to vote under the laws of any State in the United States wherein he then resided, and no lineal descendant of any such person, shall be denied the right to register and vote at any election in this State by reason of his failure to possess the educational qualifications prescribed in Section 4 of this article."

IN the Ohio State campaign of last year United States Senator Marcus A. Hanna surprised and pleased his Republican colleagues and friends by becoming an attractive stump-speaker. He is not an orator, of course, and never has made any pretensions toward the acquirement of grace in public speech. He probably was astonished himself that he could make a speech which would hold his hearers' complete attention. Nevertheless, he went on the stump, and in his plain, blunt fashion talked to the people as if they were his immediate neighbors, and used such language and homely illustration as came to him off-hand. His speeches were declared an immense success, and now a great demand has come to the Republican National Committee that Chairman Hanna shall go out on the stump and win added laurels in this direction. Mr. Hanna has received the request with good-nature, and has said frankly that he would rather not engage in that work this year. It is altogether likely that he will make some remarks at mass-meetings in New York and in Chicago, but his time in the work of campaign organization is too valuable to be given to ordinary speaking, even such as is carried on by the most eminent men of the country on the stump.

THE national campaign has reached the stage where each side is fencing strongly as to the real issues. Mr. Bryan, in making the burden of his Indianapolis speech the matter of Imperialism, has sought to emphasize the declaration of the Kansas City convention that it is the "paramount issue." Mr. Stevenson, in an interview in Chicago on August 4, used the following words:

"There is no doubt that Imperialism is the one overshadowing issue. At no other time have the people been called upon to decide whether the underlying principles of the republic shall be adhered to by its government." National Democratic Chairman Jones on the following day said, in Chicago: "The paramount issue cannot be side-tracked. The Republican party cannot make issues any more than the Democrats can make issues. Issues are made by the logic of events."

On the other hand, Chairman Hanna and the Republican managers say that they can find no demand for literature to combat the Democratic assertion that Imperialism is the chief issue of the campaign. Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture has just made a trip through the central West, and he says that the farmers there are wasting no time on the "paramount issue" question. The Republican managers insist that the chief issue of the campaign is free silver, and that the election of Bryan, even though he could not of himself bring about the debasement of the currency, would leave the matter in such an unsettled condition as to disturb business interests vitally.

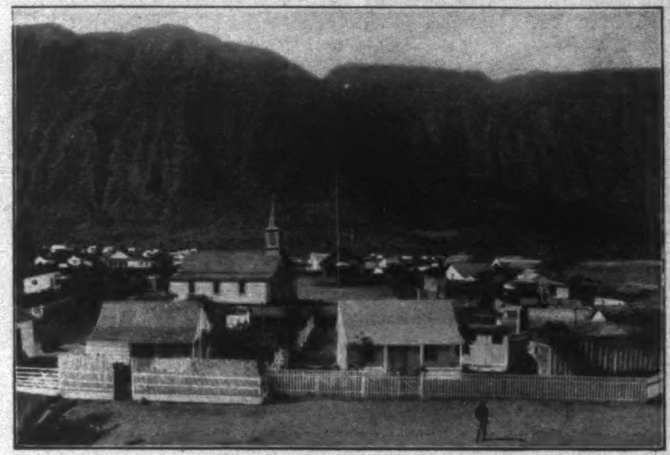
Chairman Jones's statement that the logic of events will determine the real issue, will probably be demonstrated.

THE Republican National Committee has begun active work in the formation of numerous German Republican clubs throughout the West. An interesting spectacular feature of the campaign will be another monster Republican parade in New York city just before the campaign closes. It is expected that about 150,000 men will be in line. A picturesque feature of the campaign will probably be the train of cars, with its orators, its quartet of singers, and its decorations, that the Prohibitionist National Committee will send clear across the continent and back on a campaigning trip. Out in Indiana, the Populists and Silver Republicans have been kept in the background to such an extent that they have begun to sulk, and the managers found it necessary to make a direct personal complaint to Mr. Bryan when he was there to be notified of his nomination, and asked him to interfere. It seems to be accepted generally that former-Speaker Reed will not take the stump for the Republican ticket in the sense of making an extended trip. One of the humors of the campaign thus far was the interview of a Boston reporter with Mr. Reed over the telephone—probably the only way in which Mr. Reed could be interviewed—and while Mr. Reed was in bed in his hotel. The reporter asked Mr. Reed if it was true that he was not going to speak in this campaign. The answer was,

"I ain't saying a word."

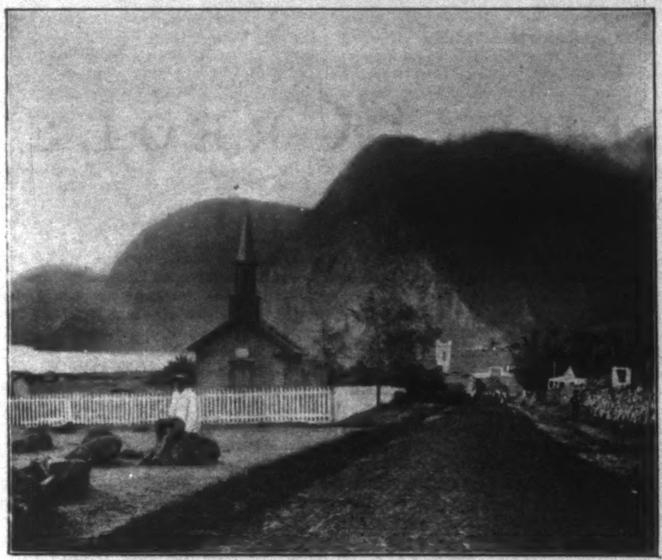
It is announced with a good deal of satisfaction in New England that United States Senator Hoar, who has been a most pronounced opponent of President McKinley's Philippines policy, will take the stump for the Republican ticket. Mr. Hoar has always paid the highest tribute to Mr. McKinley's personal character, and he believes the re-election of Mr. McKinley in the present unsettled conditions of financial and other matters of great import should be the paramount issue.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON THE ISLAND OF MOLOKAI.



MAIN SETTLEMENT, MOLOKAI.

NATIVES OF THE ISLAND.



KOLAWAO, ISLAND OF MOLOKAI.

BALDWIN'S HOUSE FOR BOYS, MOLOKAI.

The Leper Settlement of the Hawaiian Islands

SO much of a sensational nature has been printed about leprosy, and particularly the leper settlement of the Hawaiian Islands after their annexation to the United States, that it is not to be wondered at that there is an abhorrence to the subject on the part cf discriminating editors as well as readers. From the panoramic view and the other photographic reproductions of the settlement, on the island of Molokai, accompanying this sketch, it must be seen that there is a favorable side to the theme. The lepers of Hawaii have not been exiled to a dreary and barren spot. It is a most charming and picturesque place, and the climate is ideal.

The settlement is on a peninsula extending from the north side of the island, the water and high mountains back entirely surrounding it. The unfortunate sufferers are isolated within this district. It takes several hours to reach it by steamship from Honolulu. It is only by order of the Board of Health that a vessel can go to the settlement, and visitors are not allowed except those who accompany the health officers and have some special reason for going.

In the outskirts of Honolulu, at Kalihi, is a receiving-hospital, where leprosy suspects are brought from all parts of the islands, and held for a time, until the cases develop sufficiently to determine as to the disease in each case. Those declared to have leprosy are taken to the settlement, to be separated from relatives and friends for life.

The total number of lepers at the settlement is 1100. Without leprosy there are 78 natives, 2 Catholic priests, 2 Protestants (pastor and his wife), 1 resident physician, 5 Franciscan Sisters at Bishop Home, 2 Japanese servants to the Sisters, with three children, 2 principals and 4 Brothers at the Baldwin House, 1 Japanese servant, making a total of 100. Grand total at the settlement, 1267.

Lepers who live outside the two homes draw from the government a fixed amount of money as a "clothes-rations order" every six months, in addition to a weekly allowance in provisions. The Bishop Home and the Baldwin Home draw their supplies through the Board as required. Many of the lepers have friends outside who provide incomes for them. There are 716 buildings of all classes, including two school-houses, two Protestant, two Catholic, and two Mormon churches, a court-house and jail.

The people of this afflicted settlement were naturally very anxious to know how the annexation of Hawaii to the United States would affect them. The United States Hawaiian Commissioners, accompanied by the Hon. W. O. Smith, president of the Hawaiian Board of Health, have visited the district on two occasions, and have assured its people in short speeches that they would be provided for just as liberally and kindly under the United States flag as they were under the Hawaiian colors.

This colony was made famous throughout the world by the description of it written by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the self-sacrificing work done among the lepers by Father Damien, who finally contracted the disease himself, which resulted in his death. J. M. MILLER.

"THEY ESCAPED THROUGH THE LURID ILLUMINATION."

THE BURNING OF THE "CREOLE"

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO

I HAD returned from the China station, ordered on special duty to San Francisco, and my evenings were usually passed at that association of good fellows known to so many transients as the Bohemian Club. Among its habitués there were many who, like myself, were without any ties except such as were fortuitously formed; and it so happened that I found several of my own profession there, and without previous design on our part, evening after evening, we were thrown together, and at last, by mere force of habit, our association became a matter of course.

There was one of our coterie of whose former life and position we knew nothing. We had nicknamed him "The Senior." We knew him simply as a member of the club—and charming in manner and conversation.

We met as usual one Saturday evening, and the dash, spirit, and humor of the chat of our party were exceptionally brilliant and entertaining. The Senior seemed to be in a reminiscent mood, and we were disposed to humor it. He told us much that was interesting, and said that he had gone to the Gulf, on the breaking out of the war, in one of the vessels fitted out in New York, called by the papers of that city "floating coffins," and subsequently derisively baptized as the "Mosquito Squadron." From his familiarity with the French and Castilian idioms he was first engaged in gathering war news from the neutral fleets lying at the isle of Sacrificios, for ultimate transmission to Washington; and that one day in the gun-room of the English flag-ship *Endymion* his young head, unused "to hot and rebellious liquors," got into a whirl, and that when he returned to his own craft he was too free in speech to his skipper, and had been suspended from duty. Semmes, he added, had been the mediator—made up the quarrel and had induced the Commodore to order him to the *Somers*, commanded by Semmes, and engaged in blockade duty.

"*The History of the Navy*, by Maclay," I said, "gives a short relation of the burning of the *Creole*, while moored to the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, concluding it by saying 'that it was adding another to the list of cutting-out expeditions for which the American navy is famous.' I, in common with many others of my profession, have had a great curiosity to hear the details of that gallant affair. I assume, of course, that you know all about it, and won't you oblige us by a description of it?"

The Senior consented.

"The burning of the *Creole*," he began, "made a sensation at the time—a half-century since—precisely as, many years before, the burning of the *Philadelphia* at Tripoli had done, which latter Nelson had said was the most daring act of the age.

"Blockade duty," he resumed, "especially in the season of the dreaded northers, was very weary work. Vera Cruz was well defended by its reefs and dangerous shoals. Old Bernal Diaz described it to be 'a pocket full of holes.' We were afoot day and night, and living on hardtack and 'salt-horse.' In those times the arts of desiccating vegetables and canning fruits and meats were unknown. The *menu* of one day was the *menu* of all, and take it all together it was the hardest service in my experience. But no vessel slipped into Vera Cruz during our term. When it was that the *Creole* entered I cannot say. In my visits to the foreign ships of war already referred to, I had seen her moored to one of the stout rings solidly fixed into the masonry of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa; her polished black hull a sort of menace of the work, according to common rumor, she was preparing to perform—that is, a privateer.

"I should say that, beyond the closing of the enemy's ports and keeping them sealed, there was nothing for the navy to do. The reduction of Vera Cruz from the sea might have been accomplished, but at a heavy cost of men and ships. It is quite true that that consideration in time of war would have no weight when some great military success was in question, but as it was the purpose of the government to make that port the base of operations against the enemy's capital, its reduction was left to the army.

"My old commander, Semmes, very truly said 'that while cities were illuminated in celebration of the victories of the army, not only were the toils and hardships of the navy forgotten, but it was loaded with obloquy for not performing impossibilities.' Such was the annoyance given to the younger officers by that unjust criticism, he believed that an expedition to storm hell itself could have been gotten up at any time. That very injustice, aided by the well-known spirit of enterprise and ambition of the navy, was the motive to the exploit of the burning of the *Creole*. They properly thought that even if the adventure went awry, and all engaged in it should be destroyed, the sacrifice would not be in vain—at least the honor of the navy remained in the keeping of worthy hands.

"That 20th of November, 1846, there was a calm upon the sea, and the *Somers* lay upon the landward side of Isla Verde. In the waist, on the starboard side, early in the dog-watch, were three officers, smoking and apparently looking in admiration at Vera Cruz, the steeples of whose temples were burning in the blaze of the tropic sun as it hurried into the underworld. Soon they were engaged in earnest chat, but what they were saying of such seeming interest none but themselves knew. The low talk, the stooping and tracery of fingers upon the clean deck, the gestures pointing to the castle lying like a great sullen monster upon the sands of the beach, all expressed some unwonted excitement. A cutter hanging to the davits near by had evidently some share in the discussion. Just then a ship's boy was passing, whom one of the group stopped, saying, 'Send Powers the coxswain of the first cutter to me.'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' the lad answered, and Powers soon came, and approached the eldest of the officers, touching his polished tarpaulin. Then the council resumed its talk, and soon after it separated. When darkness came, a jack-tar could be seen slushing the falls of the boat, so that, in lowering her, no betraying squeak could be heard. Upon the deck aft, one on each side, were two arm-chests, the keys of which hung in the cabin of the Captain, near the companion-ladder.

"And he was early in his cabin after some days of cruising in stormy weather, and of watchfulness whole nights through. He was in many respects a peculiar man, but always lovable in temper and manner. A person of sober, continuous thought and alertness—under whose quiet, passive mien I always thought was some sorrow he hid with a Spartan's pride and silence. I have seen him standing for hours upon the poop—clinging to a backstay, looking far away—far beyond the yellow shore, interspersed with great dunes and shallows of water; beyond the uplands—even beyond the 'star mountain' with its hood of perennial snow.

But in his intercourse with us all, he was ever gentle, considerate, even companionable. He was brave withal, as I know, having seen him as cool in battle, when Death was busy, as when it was over, with its awful hecatombs spread upon the bloody ground. Please pardon this digression. It is but a little unpretending wreath I put upon a grave too often and too recklessly 'trampled under foot.'

"It is my impression now, as it was then, that the sharp ears and keen sight of the skipper had advised him of the plot afoot, but he would not interfere with an adventure he applauded, and the direction of which he knew. He had himself too often chafed at the enforced inactivity of the navy to interfere with an expedition his youngsters, as he called the junior officers, had planned and were about to execute. He was in sympathy with all such movements, and if they were at times not in accord with discipline as defined by the 'articles of war,' at least they were in unison with the daring and spirit which have so eminently distinguished the navy from the days of Paul Jones.

"Up to the time the departure had been fixed upon no one had been admitted to the secret except those of the crew of the cutter who had been chosen as *dramatis personæ*. The by-purpose of that cabal had 'an understanding but no tongue.' Happily the night continued serene. Nowhere in the sky was there the faintest flush of a norther, and from the wave uprose a moon we gladly would have effaced for the nonce had we the power of *Prospero* or Joshua.

"The early watch had gone, and the officers of the mid were adeck. Although the ship was quiet, some few persons could have been seen—each one seeming to perform some function or other. One form with soft, muffled tread stole down the companionway to the cabin, in which the Captain was sleeping, and brought away the keys of the arm-chest. Others saw to the lowering of the cutter, and bringing her to the gangway. Our secret was confided to Clemson, the officer of the watch, who lent himself to a breach of discipline by aiding and abetting the movement. He personally saw to the loading of the pistols and the distribution of the cutlasses. It was all done in silence, and while now and then one of the watch, sleeping on deck, would half raise himself and look about him, it was with a senseless, stupefied stare that comprehended nothing, and soon he relapsed into slumber.

"It was then one bell, and all being ready, we were impatient to be off. The cutter's crew were all in place waiting for the officers, who lingered to say good-by to the master.

"'Old fellow,' Parker said, 'keep a sharp lookout for the fire of the brig. We will succeed or you'll see us no more.'

"'Good-by, boys,' he replied, as he grasped hands in turn, 'and good luck.'

"The cutter was pushed off from the side, and the tide drifted us clear of the *Somers* and the island. The oars having been carefully muffled with mats, we steadily pulled landwards.

"Parker was the ranking officer, and to him the two passed midshipmen assigned the command, which he declined to accept.

"'This is an irregular affair,' he said, 'and no leadership is essential. If an exigency should arise then we will see about it. We've got to burn that brig,' pointing to the castle, 'and we are going to do it. But Lord! look at the castle light! It seems as if it were ten thousand wheelbarrows going round and round. That's bad for us, old fellows, but never say die. It must be quick work. We'll fire her and trust to luck.'

"It *was* alarming, that intense light, whose beams danced in the water about us, although we were then two miles away. The moon was still up, but we thought she would drop down behind the sierras ere we reached the inner harbor. Notwithstanding those adverse and dangerous drawbacks, not one of the actors would for a moment concede the possibility of a failure. A profound faith in a certain result usually brings its own consummation.

"The five oarsmen lustily applied themselves to their task, but at Sacrificios we slowed our pace in order to give the reluctant moon time to fall below the hills, just over which she lingered. When we had silently passed the neutral men-of-war, unchallenged, she had disappeared from view.

"The inner harbor is small, and its space reserved exclusively for vessels engaged in commerce. Heavy water batteries make the city wellnigh impregnable from the sea side, and near us, frowning and threatening, were the muzzles of three hundred cannon. Almost within reach were sentries pacing the ramparts, and at moments when the huge revolving beacon threw its light abroad, the place to us seemed as luminous as the day. One round shot thrown from the castle wall by hand into the frail cutter would have sunk her. We were literally in the jaw of the lion.

"But all that power, with the more than five thousand troops constituting the defence of the city, made the little band all the more resolute to persevere in carrying out its purpose. Our bare feet were upon the heated ploughshares, but we made no cry, nor did we hesitate. As we were passing over that luminous breadth of water, alone separating us from the craft we had come to destroy, and at such extreme peril to ourselves, I dare say that each of us saw, more distinctly than anything else, a vivid, transient picture of the home left behind, and whose hallowed hearth perhaps his feet no more would touch. We swept within a few yards of the British mail-steamer, which hailed us again and again, and by a neat touch of the helm the cutter was brought alongside of the brig, just under the foot-ropes of the bowsprit.

"Three men were looking over the bulwarks, evidently called there by the challenge of the steamer—to whom Parker, proficient as a native in Spanish, spoke. But there was no faltering; we boarded her at once, and as the clash of our cutlasses betrayed us, one of the *Creole's* crew of seven hailed the sentry on the castle. The alarm had been given as the cutter's crew gathered together the men of the vessel, and the officers plunged into the hold to fire the vessel. Heaping against a light inflammable bulkhead the sails of the craft and bits of wood lying about, the mass was ignited. It burnt slowly, and then flickering, it died out. The officers added to the pile the tails of their shirts, and one glowing ember being found, Hynson emptied upon it the entire contents of his powder-flask, starting the fire again, but severely scorching his hands, arms, and face. The clamor from without came to them above the hiss and crackling of the increasing conflagration, and when they saw that their efforts were eminently successful, they hurried on deck.

"The castle and town were awake. Lights were displayed, bells rung out in the soft, calm air, drums beat the rappel, and the blasts from bugles rose above all. It was evident that the garrison were apprehensive of a general attack; that it was mustering, and the cutter overlooked.

"The prisoners were hurried into the waiting, impatient boat—irresolution, delay, meant capture or death. As they shoved off, the flames mounted up the hatchway, commenced to lick the freshly tarred deck, and to creep up the rigging. The cutter sprung under the strong sweep of the flashing oar-blades, and the increasing light from the burning brig filled all the place with a dazzling brightness. Every moment they expected to hear the explosion of cannon or the rattle of musketry, and as they were escaping through that lurid illumination, they felt that the crisis was upon them. They literally flew under the protecting lee of the mail-steamer, and on, on among the crowded neutral ships. They stopped long enough to land the prisoners upon the isle of Sacrificios, and when that weight was removed the cutter sped seaward as if with wings. The *Somers* showed a welcome light, and soon they saw her sides and rigging swarming with their glad comrades. As they touched the gangway a hurrah was sent up that must have been heard by the frightened foe behind. And that was the way the deed was done, my dear sirs."

ROBERT C. ROGERS.

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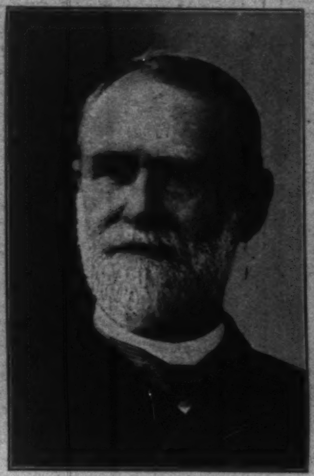

Jacob Dolson Cox

IN the death of Jacob Dolson Cox, at Magnolia, Massachusetts, on August 4, the country loses an eminent citizen who a quarter of a century ago was conspicuous throughout the land. In his retirement and in his accumulation of years he had passed almost beyond the knowledge of men now active in political life. He served his country on the battle-field and in Congress. He had been the Governor of Ohio. He had achieved success as a lawyer. He had been active in business life as a railroad president. He had participated in the scholarly side of human affairs, having been a college president, and he was noted as a writer and critic on military matters. He was born in Montreal in 1828 while his parents were there on a visit. His boyhood was spent in New York city, but he removed to Ohio with his parents and was graduated from Oberlin College in 1851. He began the practice of law in 1853, and was a member of the State Senate in 1859. At the outbreak of the civil war he entered the army as a volunteer, and soon became brigadier-general. He fought at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and was promoted to be a major-general. He participated in the Atlanta campaign, and in one engagement had charge of an army corps. He defeated General Bragg in a notable fight at Kingston, North Carolina.

General Cox was elected Governor of Ohio, and served from 1865 to 1867. He opposed the enfranchisement of the negroes, and retired temporarily from prominence in the Republican party when his term as Governor expired. In 1869, however, General Grant appointed him Secretary of the Interior, an office which he filled for one year. He resigned because of differences with the President over appointments to office, and he was practically the forerunner of the system of civil service reform which is now in vogue. It was this contest within the party ranks which made General Cox one of the most conspicuous men in the United States, and which marked the beginning of a change in thought regarding the spoils system.

In 1873 General Cox was made president of the Wabash Railroad, an office which he filled for three years. In 1876 he was elected to Congress for one term. After his retirement from Congress, he practised law, and in 1885 he was made President of the University of Cincinnati. He was dean of the law department from 1881 to 1897. He was the author of several books on the military campaigns in the civil war, and up to the time of his death was active as book-reviewer, and a critic on works pertaining to military matters.

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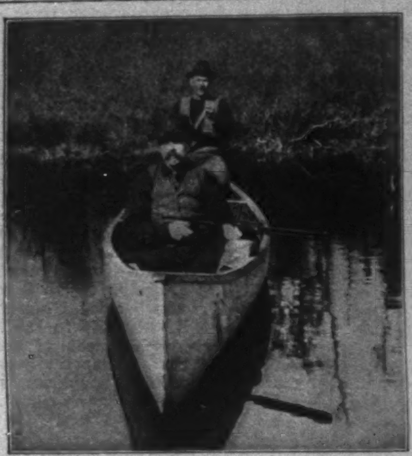
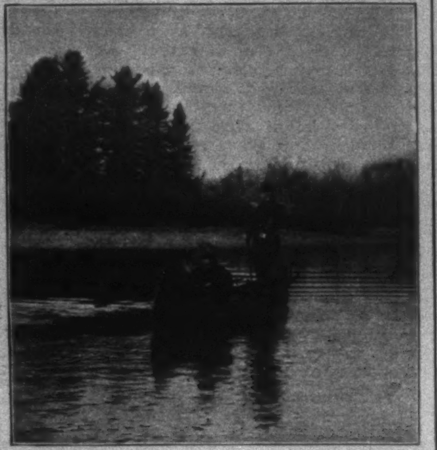

WAITING FOR A SHOT.

A TYPICAL MAINE CAMP.


POLING IN SHALLOW WATER.

GETTING INTO THE SEPTEMBER WOODS

EVERY healthy man wants to get into the woods if he can for a few days in each year. Most of us cannot leave business for so long a time, and if we could, the question of expense is too important to be disregarded. The average worker, therefore, has in mind a month away and a good part of $1000 as the two principal requisites in getting a moose up in Maine, or a deer in the Adirondacks, or a caribou in Canada.

Certainly it does cost some money to travel about, and it does use up a large number of days if you insist on getting just what you set out for, and are determined to stay away until you get it. But, after all, the man who goes into the woods because they are the woods, and says to himself incidentally that he will get his moose or deer or caribou if one or the other comes along—that man comes home when he says he will, spends what he determines he will spend, and has what he went after—a glorious rest. For the woods themselves, bright and glistening in the daytime, dark and mysterious and fascinating at night, but beautiful always in sunshine or in rain—the woods and the little birds and insects, and all the other living creatures that, together with the wind, make the perpetual concert of the forest—all that is what is delightful and new and restful, and gives the doleful city man a reason for living another year while he doubles up over his desk for the best hours of the best days of his life.

And it is really surprising how cheaply a trip after game in the forests can be made, and how short a time one is away from the shop after all. Two weeks will do for Maine or the Adirondacks, if the man lives in or within a couple of hundred miles of New York—say anywhere from Washington north. Three weeks, if he can get them, are better, and all that is necessary; and three weeks are enough to put the soul of a decent chap straight again for another year, if he has any love for the woods, and can appreciate a leaf, or the rustle of the night wind, or the dark forest that is doing its work in the world just as well—perhaps a good deal better than he is doing his.

Suppose you have only two weeks—how much will it cost, and how can you use your time to the best advantage? Roughly speaking, it will cost $150 from the time you leave home until you get back, including your entire outfit. Almost every one takes too much with him, and naturally pays too much for it.

For example, for two weeks in the north-of-Maine woods—and there is no better country in the easternmost third of the United States than the north Maine for game to-day—what shall you carry? First of all, two guns—a 45.70 rifle for moose, costing about $18, and a 30.30 rifle, at same price or less, for deer and anything else. Take two guns, because one may give out, and see that both are full or, at least, half magazines. On no account carry more than five shells for each day—for two weeks say seventy-five cartridges. Unless you fire at barn doors and tree stumps you will not use five a day.

Almost no clothes are necessary. There should be a pair of high boots of rubber at about $4, another pair of high horsehide boots at about $7. Two flannel shirts at $3 or $4 apiece, dark in color, preferably gray, as the blue shirt stains when wet, and the gray matches the woods quite as well; a loose felt hat of brown with a generous brim; three changes of underclothing; thick blue laborers' socks, a sweater at about $4, gray or brown in color, and a light rubber coat. There should also be a pair of bed-room slippers, or old tennis shoes—nothing in the whole outfit is more necessary or a greater comfort. There should be either a sleeping-bag and a blanket, or a pair of light double blankets without the bag. The latter is really better, because, unless one is quite accustomed to it, the bag is an uncomfortable thing to sleep in. You feel cramped all through the night, and that is quite enough to keep one who is not used to the pitchy darkness and constant noises of the woods awake all night. A towel, the simplest toilet articles, a good short, thick hunting-knife, a fathom or two of stout cordrope, make up all that is really necessary. On no account take more, and do not be afraid to carry less.

As to medicine and the like, there are a few necessary things. The medicine-bag ought to have in it a little surgeon plaster, a couple of rolls of bandages, quinine pills, cholera mixture, calomel, and a few sedlitz-powders—not much of any of these. Add to this a little sweet chocolate and a can or two of marmalade—two valuable and fully appreciated delicacies in the woods, and the only delicacies it is worth while to carry along.

A FINE SPECIMEN OF MOOSE ANTLERS.

METHOD OF CARRYING A BOAT.

PRACTICAL COSTUME FOR HUNTING.

All this will go in a sailor's canvas bag that closes at the top with a lacing-string. This is practically water-tight, and is the most convenient thing to swing over the back, stow away in a canoe, or pack on a horse's back. Add to this matches in a water-tight tin box, a compass, and a cheap watch. This is all that is required, and they are the result of experience gathered from many a day in the woods.

So, being once outfitted, you leave New York by the night train, and arrive in Boston in the morning; or leave any other place so as to arrive in Boston early in the day. That afternoon you are in Bangor, and ready to start the second day after leaving home for the woods. That second night you are in the camp. In Maine the camp is a log hut, such as is illustrated here. In the Adirondacks it is a log lean-to. In Canada it is a lean-to which your guides make for you on the spot, or it is a bunch of hemlock boughs and God's sparkling sky for the roof.

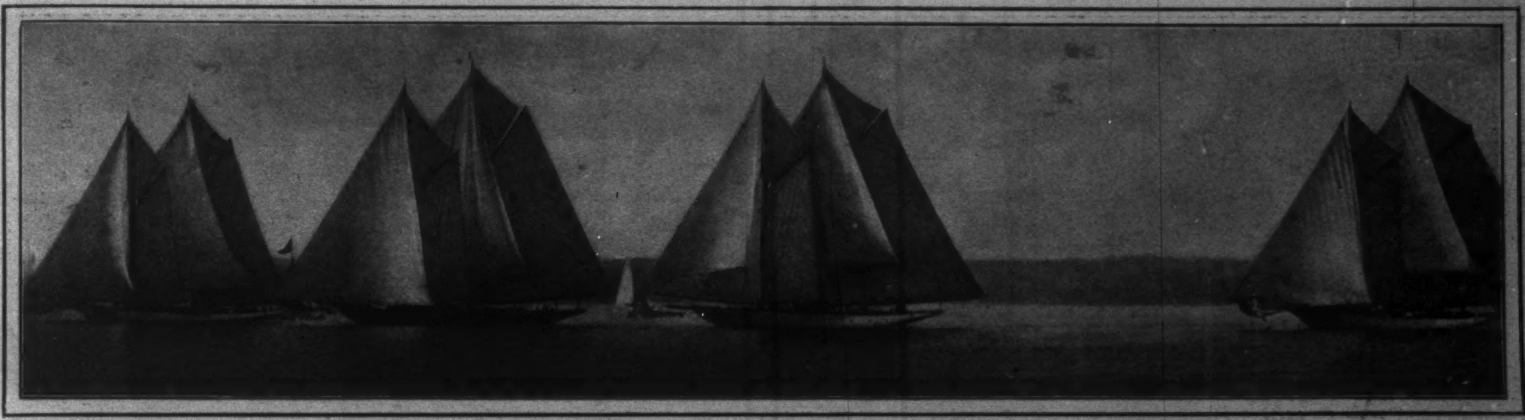
Naturally the most important detail is the guide. Never, if you can avoid it, engage any guide who is not recommended to you by a good friend of yours, one whom your friend has tramped and hunted with, for the guide must be a good one, or the hunt is done before 'tis begun. In Maine these men can be easily found. They are fine fellows, hard-headed sons of the good State of Maine. You pay them, or their director, $2 50 per day, and $2 50 per day more to feed you and themselves. That is, if you and your one friend go together you have two guides, and you each pay $5 a day for everything after you once get into the woods. Canoes are provided by the guides, and are included in the payment.

In Canada the guides are Indians, or half-breeds—not so good men as those in Maine. Be more careful, therefore, in selecting them, and if you take whiskey, use it sparingly yourself, and keep it from the guides, except that, after a hard wet day, one good drink is as good for the guide and as thankfully received by him as by you yourself. The Maine guides drink coffee; those of Canada drink tea, and all of them have pipe tobacco.

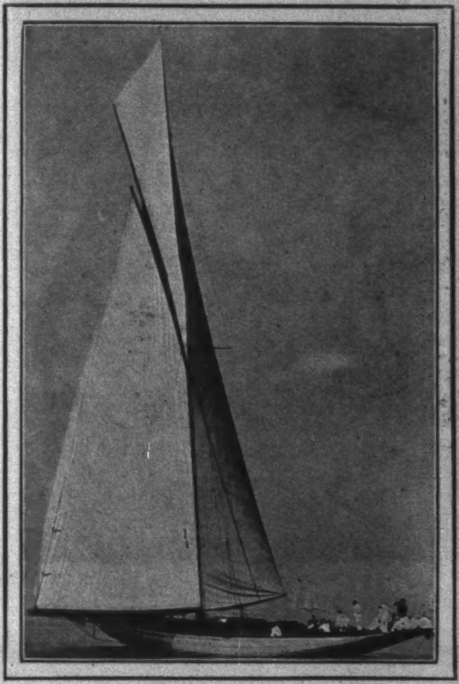
You do not always stay within a day's tramp of the camp, and this illustrates the value of having one guide for each man; for while one hunter is making his daily trips, another goes off for two or three or four days with his blankets or sleeping-bag, and travels all the time up or down some stream, or off through the woods. Perhaps, after all, the best part of the outing is the long day's paddling down stream, always on the watch for a chance shot, always drawing in the mountain air.

That is the whole story of outfit and guides and living from the time you leave home until you return, except that if the trip is to be in Canada, it is much easier and simpler to take little or nothing from home, and to purchase your outfit from one of the stores of the Hudson Bay Company. Those men know better what you need for your trip than you do yourself.

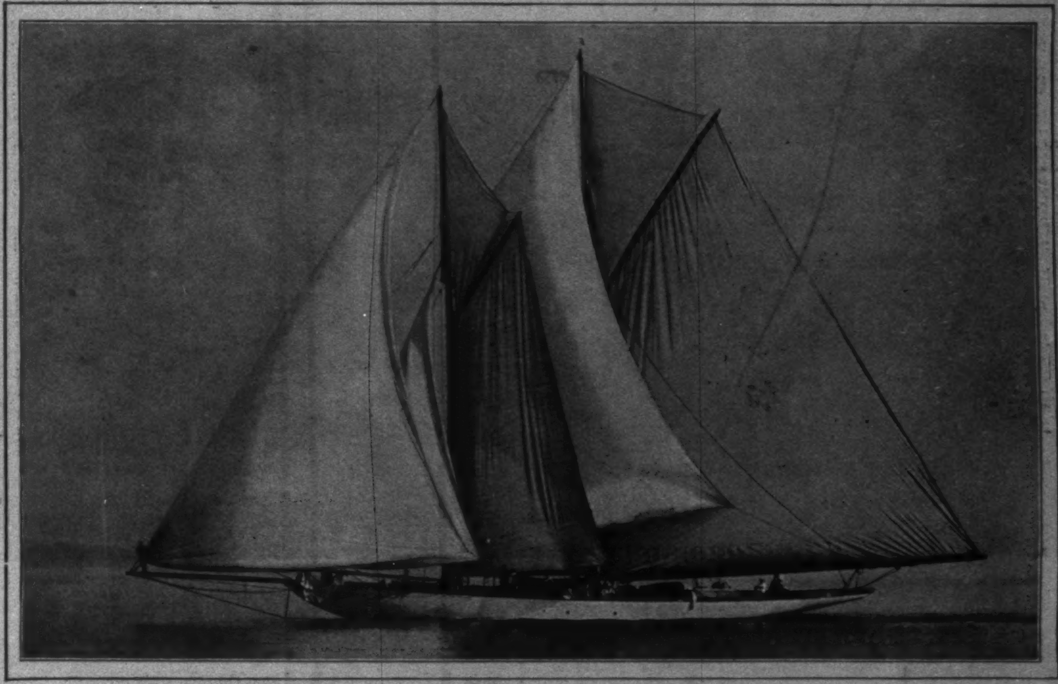
Once in the woods under the camp roof with the big fire burning just outside the door, there is nothing for you to do but to enjoy what the great Lord of the forests has set there for man to love and live with. By day you set off with John or William, or whatever the guide's name is, and tramp and crawl and lie down, and get something or not, as the case may be. It does not really matter. For, after all, the joy of trudging onward with the rifle on your shoulder, and the sun or rain falling softly upon you hour after hour, is what you and I are there for, and the killing of a big-eyed deer or a fat-nosed moose is but the incident that caps the day. The day itself goes down in your calendar in big red letters as one of those that shall stay there to be dreamed of later on in the office, or on the sick-bed, or in the midst of any of the necessary evils of life, and by merely recalling it you can smell the woods, and remember old William as he built the fire when we got back home to the camp at sundown and cooked the bacon and made the coffee, and we sat round in loose slippers and shirts and smoked the daylight away.



START OF THE SCHOONERS' RACE FOR THE COMMODORE'S CUP.



"RAINBOW,"
Winner of the Commodore's Cup for Sloops



"QUISETTA,"
Winner of the Commodore's Cup for Schooners.

THE FLEET CAPTAINS VISITING THE FLAG-SHIP "CORONA."

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S ANNUAL CRUISE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON.

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. IX.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

RAFE. "Uncle Jeff, this is the white elephant we read about as bein' at the Indo-Chinese Pagoda."
UNCLE JEFF. "White? It don't strike me as bein' very white."
RAFE. "Well, you know, Uncle Jeff, you're a white man, but you ain't exac'ly dazzlin'."

MR. DOOLEY*

XXXIV.—ON THE FUTURE OF CHINA

"BE th' time th' Chinese gets through with this here job o' theirs," said Mr. Dooley, "they'll know a thing or two about good manners an' Christyan idees."

"They need thim," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They do so," said Mr. Dooley. "An' they'll get thim. By-an'-by th' allied foorces will proceed to Peking. It may not be in ye'er lifetime or in mine or in th' lifetime iv th' ministhers, Hinnissy. They ar-re in no hurry. Th' ministhers ar-re as comfortable as they can be on a dite iv polo ponies an' bamboo, an' they have exercise enough dodgin' cannon balls to have no fear iv indygisthion. They's no need of haste. Th' allied foorces must take no step forward while wan ar-rmed foe survives. It was rayported last week that th' advance had begun, but on sindin' out scouts 'twas discovered that th' asphalt road to th' capital was not r-ready an' th' gallant sojer boys was afraid to risk their beecycles on a defictive pavement. Thin th' parlor cars ordhered be th' Rooshan admiral has not arrived an' wan iv th' Frinch gin'rals lost an omelette, or whativer 'tis they wear on their shoulders, an' he won't budge till it can be replaced fr'm Pahrs. A sthrong corps iv miners an' sappers has gone ahead f'r to lo-cate good resthrants on th' line iv march, but th' weather is cloudy an' th' silk umbrellys haven't arrived, an' they's supposed to be four hundhred millyon Chinymen with pinwheels an' Roman candles blockin' th' way, so th' advance has been postponed indifinitely. Th' American foorces is r-ready f'r to start immejately, but they ar-re not there yet. Th' British gin'ral is waitin' f'r th' Victorya Cross befure he does annything, an' th' Japanese an' th' Rooshan is dancin' up an' down, sayin', 'Afther you, me boy.'

"But afther a while, whin th' frost is on th' pumpkin an' th' corn is in th' shock, whin th' roads has been repaired, an' iv'ry gin'ral's lookin' his best, an' in no danger iv a cold on th' chist, they'll prance away. An' whin they get to th' city iv Peking, a fine cillybration is planned be th' mission'ries. I see th' programme in th' pa-aper: First day, 10 A.M., prayers be th' allied mission'ries; 1 P.M., massacree iv th' Impress an' rile fam'ly; sicond day, 10 A.M., scatthrin' iv remains iv former kings; 11 A.M., disecration iv graves gin'rally; 2 P.M., massacree iv all gin'rals an' coort officials; third day, 12 noon, burnin' iv Peking; foorth day, gran' pop'lar massacree an' division iv territ'ry, th' cillybration to close with a rough-an'-tumble fight among th' allies.

"'Twill be a gr-reat occasion, Hinnissy, an' bedad I'd like to be there to see it. Ye can't go too sthrong again' th' Chinee. Me frind, th' Impror iv Garmany, put it right. 'Brave boys,' says he, 'ye ar-re goin' out now,' he says, 'f'r to carry th' light iv Christyanity,' he says, 'an' th' teachin's iv th' Garman Michael,' he says, 'to th' benighted haythen beyant,' he says. 'Me an' Mike is watchin' ye,' he says, 'an' we ixpict ye to do ye'er duty,' he says. 'Through you,' he says, 'I propose to smash th' vile Chinee with me mailed fist,' he says. 'This is no six-ounce glove-fight, but demands a lunch-hook done up in eight-inch armor plate,' he says. 'Whin ye get among th' Chinee,' he says, 'raymimber that ye ar-re th' vanguard iv Christyanity,' he says, 'an' stick ye'er baynet through ivry hated infidel ye see,' he says. 'Lave thim undherstand what our Westhern civilization means,' he says, 'an' prod thim good an' hard,' he says. 'Open their heads with ye'er good Garman swords to Eu-ropyan culture an' refinement,' he says. 'Spare no man that wears a pigtail,' he says. 'An',' he says, 'me an' th' Garman Michael will smile on ye as ye kick th' linin' out iv th' dhragon an' plant on th' walls iv Peking th' banner,' he says, 'iv th' cross, an',' he says, 'th' double cross,' he says. 'An' if be chance ye shud pick up a little land be th' way, don't lave e'er a Frinchman or Rooshan take it fr'm ye or ye'll feel me specyal-delivery hand on th' back iv ye'er neck in a way that'll do ye no kind iv good. Hock Garman Michael,' he says, 'hock me gran'father, hock th' penny-postage fist,' he says, 'hock mesilf,' he says. An' th' Garman Impror wint back to his bed-room f'r to wurruk on th' book he's goin' to br-ring out nex' year to take th' place iv th' Bible.

"He's th' boy f'r me money. Whin th' Garman throops takes their part in th' desthruction iv Peking they'll be none iv th' allied foorces 'll stick deeper or throw th' backbone iv th' Impress' ol' father higher thin th' la-ads fr'm th' home iv th' sausage. I hope th' cillybration 'll occur on Chris'mas day. I'd like to hear th' sojers singin' 'Gawd r-rest ye, merry Chinymen,' as they punchered thim with a baynet."

"'Twill be a good thing," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It will that," said Mr. Dooley.

"'Twill civilize th' Chinymen," said Mr. Hennessy.

"'Twill civilize thim stiff," said Mr. Dooley. "An' it may not be a bad thing f'r th' r-rest iv th' wurruld. Perhaps contack with th' Chinee may civilize th' Garmans."

F. P. DUNNE.

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FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE.
Assigned to the Command of the German Troops in China, and proposed by Emperor William for Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces.

FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE allotment of fully one-half of the latest British loan of £10,000,000 to this country, and the ready subscription for more than the amount, are events of no slight significance. The official announcement of the issue of three-per-cent. three-year Exchequer bonds at 98 was dated August 3, and on the 6th the books were closed in London, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer explained in the House of Commons that an offer to place half the loan in the United States had been accepted beforehand. The subscriptions were taken by two banking firms in New York, one in Boston, and one in Philadelphia, and it is believed that double the amount, or the entire $50,000,000, could have been placed here.

For many years the United States has been a debtor nation, and the large excess of exports of merchandise over imports, not otherwise accounted for, has gone to pay debts and meet obligations abroad. It may be that the tide is about to turn, and that the United States will gradually work off its indebtedness abroad and become a creditor nation, in which case it will be found that imports will exceed exports, and the "balance of trade" will be "against" us. In other words, we shall be bringing more value into the country than we are sending out. For some time the rates for money have been higher in London than in New York, and the gold reserves of the Bank of England have been sinking, as the government has drawn upon its resources for war expenses.

In this situation it was easy for the British government to place a three years' loan upon terms which would yield nearly four per cent. per annum in this country, and one object was to draw gold from the United States to London. The subscription here was followed almost immediately by the shipment of more than $5,000,000. A still larger amount will doubtless be drawn before the transaction is completed.

This operation has given new interest to the question of the supply and distribution of gold. The Bank of England now holds about $155,000,000, which is about $11,000,000 less than it had a year ago, while the Bank of France has more than $440,000,000, an increase of fully $55,000,000 in the year. The Bank of Russia has nearly $400,000,000, which is about $73,000,000 less than it had a year ago. These three institutions, with the banks of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Italy, Netherlands, and Belgium, practically hold the banking reserve of Europe, and the aggregate of their gold is something over $1,500,000,000, an increase of some $27,000,000 over that of a year ago.

The Director of the United States Mint, with the aid of the Deputy Assistant Treasurer at New York, Mr. Muhleman, has been making a new investigation of the amount of gold in this country. The "estimate" for August 1 was $1,053,518,892, but the official estimate has been kept up on the basis of a computation made in 1873 and calculations of gain and loss which are believed to involve some error. The Treasury on the 1st of May held $426,989,371, when the amount in the national banks was $195,769,872, making $622,759,243 that could be exactly accounted for. The estimate then of the amount in other banking and financial institutions and in private bonds was $420,000,000. It is now thought that the amount carried out of the country and not returned, and used up in the arts has been underestimated for years, and that there is from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 less in the country than has been supposed. However that may be, the increase in recent years has been rapid compared with former times. The gold production of this country for 1899 is estimated by the Director of the Mint as $72,500,000, while that of the world is put at $315,000,000, as compared with $123,000,000 ten years before. It is certain that we can afford to send a considerable amount of gold abroad, if it will earn higher interest than at home.

Our bank currency increased during the last fiscal year by about $66,000,000, and amounted at the end of June to $265,303,018. There were then 3732 national banks, an increase of 149 in the year, of which 1 had been organized in New England, 19 in the Eastern States, 16 in the South, 29 in the Middle West, 33 in the West, and 3 in the Pacific States. This was mostly the result of the new currency law of March 14.

There is nothing significant to note in the general situation. The iron and steel business is still unsettled, general business is rather slow, the money-market is easy and rates low, and stocks are very dull and heavy.

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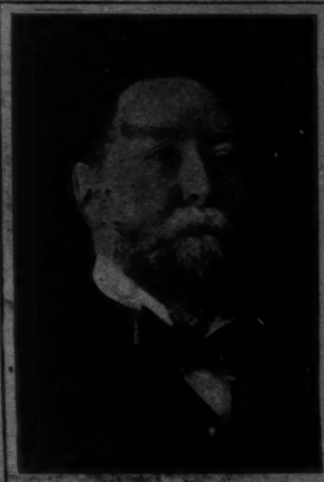

Dr. Eduardo Wilde

THE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC AT WASHINGTON

THE South American republic of Argentine has maintained a legation at our national capital for the past thirty-five years, and some of its brightest statesmen have been the envoys who have represented it. Since last November, when Señor Merou returned to his native country to become a member of President Roca's cabinet, the legation at Washington had been in the hands of a chargé d'affaires, but Doctor Wilde, the new minister plenipotentiary, arrived a short time ago and has already assumed his duties.

Doctor Wilde is a gentleman of scholarly attainments and has had a distinguished career. He is a native Argentino and was educated at the National University of Buenos Ayres. After finishing his collegiate course he selected the science of medicine for his profession and soon gave evidence of unusual talent. While still pursuing his studies he was made physician to the cholera lazaretto of Buenos Ayres, and a few months later was appointed to one of the city hospitals. At that time Argentine was at war with Paraguay, and Doctor Wilde was placed in charge of the government military hospital. In recognition of these services he was awarded a scholarship, which enabled him to go abroad and attend lectures in Paris, Leipsic, and London.

He returned to Argentine in 1872, and for the next ten years devoted himself to his profession. In 1875 he began to turn his attention to politics, and was elected to the provincial legislature from the province of Buenos Ayres. The next year he was sent to the National Congress from the same province, and at the end of the first term re-elected for four more years, but during that time he received the appointment of minister of public instruction and justice, and in the next administration minister of the interior.

While occupying these positions in the cabinet Doctor Wilde inaugurated several reforms and improvements which were of the greatest significance, and which were largely instrumental in giving Argentine its present enviable place among the South American republics. As minister of public instruction, he founded and organized schools from the kindergarten to the academic grade throughout the country and broadened and raised the standard of the course of studies in the higher schools. He brought about a complete separation of church and state, and placed all schools beyond the jurisdiction of the church, and like his famous predecessor in this work, President Sarmiento, he introduced teachers from the best colleges in the United States, and gave them charge of the native schools. During his administration of the office he had two hundred school buildings erected, and in many ways immeasurably advanced the cause of education. As minister of justice he had some of the laws revised, and put an end to the rule of political rings in banking and railroad stocks.

After Doctor Wilde retired from public life he devoted himself to travel and literary work, and is the author of several books on scientific and economic subjects, as well as biography and travel. He made two tours of the United States, and wrote a book on what he saw at that time. This book has proven very popular with his countrymen and has had a run of a number of editions. Doctor Wilde has been decorated repeatedly, but is most proud of two gold medals which were awarded him for his conspicuous bravery of service in fighting yellow fever, a disease which is the bane of the coast countries of South America. Another of his decorations was given him for the introduction of a law to prevent the spread of cholera, the enforcement of which has materially lessened the spread of that dread malady.